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Walking and Hiking

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pretty high standards. The difficulty is that Canada has 23 million people, but it has 100 million square kilometers of territory. And there are roughly 100 million people in a large chunk of ocean under international agreement. So that we actually look after 13 million square kilometers of territory. Now compare that to the British who look after around 300,000 square kilometers with a population base of 55 million. We really have a problem. To provide adequate services over a colossal area, everything is diluted, everything is too far apart, everything is done on too small a scale for the job really. But overall, it's pretty good. I would, of course, like to see more that is spent by the government of Canada on all its environmental and ongoing projects.

McNorton: Why were you awarded the Explorers Medal by Queen Elizabeth?

Hearn: In the old days the Queen's Medal was usually given to explorers who went out and found new places. But now it's usually given for discovery—in my case it was for discovery in the Arctic. I snuffed the interior of Labrador Peninsula 20 years ago. I've done a great deal of mapping of Arctic, unexplored distributions. You see the point is that discovery has taken over from exploration. You know where places are but there are still an awful lot of blank spaces on the map. When I was younger I spent a lot of my time filling in the color on the Labrador Peninsula.

McNorton: Canada claims sovereignty over the Arctic North to the Pole, yet in this season the Russians have a research ice run floating around on an ice pan in our waters. Should we handle our conflict more quietly?

Hearn: It would be very hard to refuse. What the Russians are doing is landing in on our floating ice islands, truckloads of meat and I don't think that you can sustain a claim to sovereignty over floating ice. For one thing it moves in and out of season. There is a regular seasonal movement of the ice in the Arctic Ocean, so that any one ice island moves out of the Canadian sector into the U.S. sector, into the Soviet sector and back again. That's always been in practice as a working agreement between the three countries that they can run stations on the peak ice when the whole ice can't assume to handle the claim up there. I'm not sure to believe in the international claims to the Arctic and the Arctic Ocean is an open ocean. It's quite true that it's full of ice but I would be loath to see it treated territorially.

McNorton: The Russians have research stations, nuclear submarines and aircraft north of Canada. They probably know more than we do about this part of the world that may become most in use. Would you agree that perhaps we might do more nuclear research?

Hearn: Oh yes, you I don't think that's feasible to exclude the Americans or the Russians from our Arctic waters beyond the 100 mile limit. Under the Arctic Boundary Waters Pollution Prevention Act we claim

the right to discipline shipping within 100 miles off our coast. Now that extends pretty close to the Pole if you coast the northeastern point of Ellesmere Island that that still leaves a lot of the Arctic Ocean which is a very big ocean. We've done some extremely good things in the Beaufort Sea and off the coasts of the western Arctic islands but the state of our effort has been very small by comparison to the United States and the USSR. So inevitably these two countries tend to see the whole polar basin as their exclusive property. Obviously I would prefer that that situation didn't exist.

McNorton: Could we build more schools on or research ships?



There is simply no safe way of drilling on the floor of the Beaufort Sea

Hearn: Yes, we could. I think that country should go all out to strengthen its marine technology, especially its low-temperature marine technology. It's one of the things we've got short of. It always seems to me that we make the mistake in Canada of at times going to do the things that the Americans, the Germans or the Japanese do well instead of looking at those situations where we have a clear advantage. North-east navigation is one of them. I don't have to tell you that the payoff is enormous. If there is going to be any hydrocarbon development in the Beaufort Sea or the Labrador Sea or any other ice-infused region we're going to have to have the best technology going if we are going to outguess it. It's true a lot of my friends would like to see that prohibited because of the dangers involved. And I myself think that there's no safe way of drilling in the floor of the Beaufort Sea not with all of that ice about

If we go ahead in spite of the advice of the environmentalists and develop the floor of the Arctic sea, whether it's the Beaufort Sea or the channels in the archipelago or the Labrador Sea or Baffin Bay or wherever it is, then I can't see that sooner or later there will be an accident just because of Murphy's law, which says that if anything can go wrong it will. And the Beaufort Sea is a good example. It could happen, but it didn't. And I think that the same thing will happen in Canadian waters sooner or later. There will be a bottom blowout if we drill. And for that we shall need the very best technology we can get.

McNorton: What about the current pipeline controversy, would you agree with the suggestion that it is mostly for American rather than Canadian interests?

Hearn: I'm not really privy to the main detailed arguments of interest but my understanding is that there is not enough oil and gas yet in the Mackenzie Delta or Arctic Islands to justify gas pipeline construction for purely Canadian purposes at this present time. Since we started getting frightened about gas more gas has been turning up in shallow depths in Alberta than expected and the supply situation is not as bad as most people thought it was going to be. So I would say that from a Canadian demand standpoint, the case for continuing to drill the Mackenzie Valley or on the west side of Hudson Bay is a very good. I think that Mr. Justice Berger is exactly right about the Americans. They have a desperate situation. If they get another winter like the one they've just had in the Ohio Valley there will be the very demand for the people who run the pipeline system.

McNorton: Could you forecast our climate for 2075?

Hearn: Yes, I think I could. I would visualize a world that was substantially warmer than it is today. And I think therefore there will be a lot of stress on trees, animals and fish upon which we depend for resources. I think agriculture will be drastically changed. I would visualize a possibly open Arctic Ocean a melting of the Arctic Ocean.

McNorton: Could it make more of Canada habitable?

Hearn: It might, but it might equally render some parts of it uninhabitable. The world with open Arctic Ocean might well have a bigger dry belt in the west. I wouldn't want to see the Canadian Prairies get a lot drier. I think our winters would be drastically different and our summers a bit different—warmer and less stormy. You take the sea out and you get a fundamental difference—it would be nothing like it would be in the Arctic sea as it is now because the ocean would pump heat out—all our cold waves would be gone—and the energy that drives the west winds, under the ice, this would say, sink deep on a heavy cold in the Arctic and warm in the tropics. So all our wind and storm systems would diminish. And I think to happen by 2075. ☐



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Letters

Danger (so called) is its own reward

Oh no! Not another survey and corresponding story about dangerous, mostly minority, inner-city sportsmen. Please! As *A Risky Business* (May 2) followed the

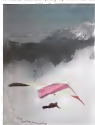


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acknowledged trail of many fellow academics in portraying the stereotypical Jekyll and Hyde character we have come to know and hate: life insurance salesman Monday to Friday—during, dare-I-say-it, city drivers on weekends. What garbage!

I've flown airplanes, powerboats and even run for years and I can assure you that this article missed the point of it all by a country mile. In case you want to try again, here are a few clues. First, is a society that successfully appears to foster collective modernity over individual antisocial and subterranean demands of the so-called risk sports are an uncertain possi-

ing contrast. The total concentration required is also extremely therapeutic. Women left over from the job are purged. I could suggest more possible motivations but one must ask the fundamental question: why do people struggle to excel, compete and, yes, risk in their leisure time? That's where the story is: the answers may be close to the roots of society's ills. Academic sportsmen don't risk their necks for the fun of it any more than professionals only do it for money.

PETER DENVILLER, CALGARY

A marriage made in hell

I would like to remove the large, private automobile from the status-symbol pedestal on which it was placed in *A Notion Driven* (May 18). Count me in among the movers behind the evil "conspiracy against the car." Are passing references to "a well-powered, convenient effect" and "disposition of the environment and other elements" meant to appease those environmentally irresponsible readers who know that the eight-cylinder gas guzzlers should have gone the way of the dinosaur long ago? Can we afford to play down the many long, varied disadvantages of an automobile-centered lifestyle—the cause of up to 80% of all urban air pollution, the loss of farmland to car-oriented suburban, and so on?

While I am willing to concede that an energy-efficient small car is an environmentally acceptable means of transportation for university travel, no private automobile has any place in the crowded cities of Canada's cities. Where, in any downtown area, does anyone currently expect to find busier "home of rapid, inde-

pendent mobility" in a private automobile? One is far more free and mobile in the city core on a bicycle than in any motor vehicle on a 30-speed bicycle. I can beat any car downtown South North Toronto during the morning rush hour. Many European cities cater to cycling; Canadian cities would do well to follow suit. A ban on private automobiles in city cores, improvement of public transit systems, and promotion of cycling would ensure urban air quality, save us money, and lead to more widespread physical fitness.

LINDA B. FINE, POLLUTION PROGRAM
AT THE UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO
TORONTO

Ah well, another night shattered

In my opinion there is no way Brigitte Bardot (People, April 4) could cuddle a living "bunny" seal pup. These animals weigh about 40 pounds, have extremely sharp claws and sharper weapons. Also, Bardot should know the women of Belle Isle go to the wilderness the same way and for the same purpose as do the women of France.

WILL COLLIER, GORHAM ST. JERVIS

Well, he had it... so he shouldn't

Three questions arise in my mind as I read John Robertson's *Ah, A Man And His Sex* (May 2). Why would anyone spend \$1.38 for two dips fishing, why would anyone think that it would be interesting enough to write and read, and why would anyone publish this self-indulgent diversion? I found the article almost pornographic in the orgasmic-like thrill of spending a considerable amount of money on something totally irrelevant.

D. J. CHAPMAN, DAWSON-CREEK, BC



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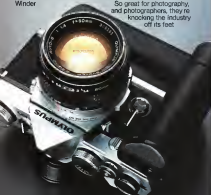
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Can't happen here

Canadian developments in nuclear energy represent some of the most useful, successful and safest advances in technology ever undertaken in this century. But you would never know it from reading *Governor's Energy* (May 3). The cartoon is highly off-future to expose working in the field of nuclear energy and the reference to explosions in the text suggests that your writer has little understanding of nuclear safety criteria.

JAMES A. WELLER, CANADIAN
NUCLEAR ASSOCIATION TO TORONTO

Pro the 'poo'

Peter Brundell's *Worst Game In Town?* (May 2) used to cover a lot of ground in a short article and consequently looked an in-depth perspective. However, Brundell's article seemed to say that the late 1960s was a highly speculative period. What he did not point out is that historically the best values in stocks are before and after such times, when the rash-gift market understands that it is more than just a game.

JOHN A. BAINFIELD, VANCOUVER

Please accept my congratulations for *Worst Game In Town?* I was very pleasantly surprised by the calibre of thought displayed in the article. Peter Brundell's statement on the stock market being infected by an obscure but fundamental change in the way the economy operates is one of the first I have seen to contemporary Canadian journalism that reveals an understanding of the fact that there are ripple effects for individual freedom and aggregate economic creativity contained in the obvious performance of Canadian governments for allocating economic resources on a basis other than prices set in efficiently operating markets.

Perhaps the factor that has been omitted from most discussions attempting to evaluate the merits of competing systems of economic organization is an appraisal of their ethical implications. My own thinking has led me to the conclusion that all status systems are fundamentally authoritarian and consequently inimical to the achievement of individual happiness through the exercise of economic or, for this matter, any other form of creativity. On the other hand, adoption of capitalism, which is the only economic system consistent with the achievement of human creative potential, is not a sufficient condition to ensure such achievement. I suggest that what is needed beyond capitalism is a legal and governmental system based upon principles that reflect a second evolution of the ethical basis for human interaction.

J. R. CRIPS, BRANFORD, ONT.

The thought that came

I write to say how much I enjoyed *The Mayan/Postcard* (April 4) about Tom Kewang. This kind of article lifts your imagination in my estimation.

DOH EDWARD, OTTAWA



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An idea whose time has gone long gone
 Professor Douglas Verney of York University must have been writing with tongue at cheek when he penned *Confederative Unworkable? Separation (Oxford 1987) (Hv)* or *A Third Choice (May 18)*. At the least it is a neck-jer! The experience with the double majority principle during the uneasy union of Canada East and Canada West which evolved out of the Durham Report never did operate smoothly, but alone it didn't. Deadlocks were inevitable and they were rapidly leading to chaos. This was the reason that in 1864 a delegation from the Union of the Canadas attended the Charlottetown Conference which was convened to consider the union of the maritime colonies. The vision of the delegates from the Canadas was that of observation; however, they were confidently received and had before the conference the broader plan of union that was to result in Confederation in 1867.

Verney falls into error in not recognizing that Canada is a multi-ethnic nation. We must not lose sight of the fact that almost every ethnic status is represented in our population and that every individual from these ethnic groups—of neither English nor French lineage—have made significant contributions to our nation. Over the years there has been considerable intermarriage between individuals of the various ethnic groupings. What of the offspring of such unions? To arbitrarily di-

vide the Canadian nation into French and English Canadians works an injustice on a large segment of our population.

The great professor's proposal that Quebec be treated as the equal of the sum of the other nine provinces—for this is what his suggestion of two equal states boils down to—will not find merit in the eyes of Canadians. The proposal to let the minority equal the majority is the antithesis of democracy. One does not equal five!

C. H. GORRILL, BURLINGTON, ONT.

Accelerate the profile

In *Unconquered Energy* (May 1) the emphasis again in the syndicate that "Canada used to use its mothers as looms" detracts from the possibility of achieving insight into the real problems. How can one justify the statement: "There is still no sign of any such centralized forward-looking policy for Canada" in response to President Carter's emphasis on conservation when not only President Carter but several of his advisers, prior to the address to Congress, generously pointed out that Canadian wisdom, publicity and legislation in the area of conservation were helpful in formulating their program? The remark, if correct, that you are not familiar with the extensive Canadian work in this area from the Science Council and the Energy Mines and Resources' Office of Energy Conservation, in leaving only two sentences involved leaves you open to a charge of

padding as well as asking Canada short.

One could expect that a writer explaining that prior fact decisions resulted from "the inherently inaccurate methods used to estimate reserves" would deal with the matter with some precision. Yet you have not used "reserve estimates," without the qualification "potential," to describe what are clearly "geological guesses" and not reserves.

CRO-M GRIFFITHS, VANCOUVER

What harm would it not be greatly inaccurate treatment of nuclear power in *Unconquered Energy* (May 1) but the unfortunate average mistake of our industry in your cartoon, "Well, we've lost a few."

The nuclear industry alone among major energy producers, can claim never to have harmed a member of the public. There are now more than 150 power reactors operating in 19 countries around the world, most of which have been producing power for more than 20 years. In Ontario nearly 30% of the province's electricity comes from nuclear plants, and there has never been an accident in any of them that affected public safety in any way. How then, you can possibly justify the cartoon you saw fit to publish during belch?

A. R. WIGG, DIRECTOR,
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What does the French Quebecer want? Nothing more than is due him

Column by Meyer Nuremberger



I think it was Franz Kafka who once made the wisest—and most contemporary—observation about an eternally strong minority imposing its culture upon an eternally weak majority. In a manner similar to the one providing Quebecers with the majority's security, he said to eradicate the Czech culture in Prague by suppressing the linguistic German majority. Franz Kafka (who belonged culturally to the German-speaking minority) told a publisher: "I wrote in the German National Theatre. None of the productions survives or even the audience were German."

His remark reminds me of certain ethnic groups such as the Italians, Greeks and anglophone Jews who have joined the majority in the defense of "English culture" in Quebec. Where (and is it) immigrants of immigrants do not understand that the language of Quebec is not English but French? Who is to blame for the fact that generations whose parents came to Canada and remained in Montreal looked upon the French as slaves and upon the new establishment as the power whose culture was that of the new country? Who is responsible for the situation that the average Canadian—whether of English origin or ethnic descent—does not realize that an anglophone Quebecer wants to feel at home in his province as much as an English-speaking Canadian feels at home in Ontario?

Many of the very same anglophones who so loudly proclaim the need for a bilingual Quebec simultaneously reject such bilingualism in the other major provinces. By now we know that most Quebecers want Quebec to do as it would see itself as a province of French Canada. To do so would prevent their integration within the larger anglophone community.

On the other hand, francophone Quebecers are not really very interested in bilingualism either: their province is a linguistic desert. Now, let's be honest. They believe in using again in their own backyard.

The threat of economic chaos has never worked in similar situations. The most striking example of the effectiveness of such blackmail is that of Belgium. For many years Flemish workers and Belgians today is a well-known Dutch. The Flemings rejected the "universal" French language in favor of their own. There are no longer French schools in Flanders Belgium which is religiously less than the most prosperous area of the country, and the only part where Americans and Germans want to invest.

The French Quebecer is not impressed by the promise of the measures on which every Canadian was on his way to becoming bilingual. Sometimes when I watch television and learn to the "French" of such a brilliant leader as Joe Clark, I wonder whether this is the ideal of linguistic equality which should be presented to francophones in this country is that enough, in France, Minister Trudeau believes to make French Canadians feel at home in every province of Canada? It is really possible to induce the rest of the country to study French as diligently as



Nuremberger in defense of "Gros-nour"

Quebecers will continue to study English whether French Canadians continue to live within Canada or in an independent state of their own? Six million North Americans surrounded by 250 million North Americans who claim English as their language need to know English. In a Quebec more independent than it is now, English will be studied as intensively as academic.

There was a time when the church kept alive the language of Quebec and its culture. This was the era before Quebecers became alienated in the 19th century, to its philosophy, and its business requirements. Today it is not true that a Quebecer educated in French can ever feel as much at home in a business context in his native city or town as does an English-speaking Canadian in any other province. The young Quebecer now faces two alternatives: either to assimilate and forget his background and adjust to the culture of the majority of Canadians, or to fight for the supremacy of his language and his way of life in the province in which he still is a member of the majority.

It is not believe that the majority of

Quebecers ever will give up their determination to feel at home at home in Quebec in French in a Torontoian feel in Toronto in English. No measure will convert the Quebecer so one up his inalienable right to his own culture. He is no longer the uneducated, unorganized laborer of his double-Quebec who looked up to the anglophone employer as the man with the God-given right to be boss. He will not desert from his determination to impose the rule of French in Quebec in order to please some anglophone. (The French Canadian knows that America does have now with many students where English is not the language of the majority. American economic discussions are not carried by the language spoken by the population. Thus the economic threat to the Quebecer is not only unrealistic and untrue, but irrelevant.)

It seems to me that when Quebecers suddenly speak of sovereignty plus association with Canada they are opening a door for an answer moderate within Confederation. First, those who ignore the realities of Quebec must cease talking of 10 provinces among which Quebec is regarded as any other. There are two issues concerning this Confederation—Quebec and English Canada. The two peoples would remain isolated if recognized as two separate nations within Confederation. Second, only the Swiss example of uniting the country could save Canada from disintegration.

I have never heard a Swiss say: I am a French Swiss or a German Swiss or Italian Swiss. Why? Because the French Swiss look at Swiss at home in Geneva as the German Swiss in Zurich or the Italian Swiss in Lugano. It would never occur to a German Swiss settling in Geneva to demand a German school in that city. He knows that the language of Geneva is French. The Swiss apply to the French Swiss settling in Zurich, Frankfurt, or anywhere else in Germany. English-speaking Canadians at those surprised to teach their children English in French means weakening the position of French in Montreal, which was a generation or two ago the only anglophone cause. The young generation realizes that it would be in defiance of French against the small of English. This is the reason behind the present destruction of French Canadians to back the cultural stand of René Lévesque. They simply do not wish the prospect of becoming another Louisiana, with a white French quarter in New Orleans.

Meyer Nuremberger is a Torontoian and publisher of The Jewish Times in Toronto.

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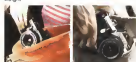
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Preview

Listen, they're playing our song—as it's never been played before

Who could hear *The Maclean's* and not consider storming the Bastille? Or be not inspired by *The Star-Spangled Banner*? Remember that little thrill when you first heard the *dykes of The Soviet Union* played before the Russia-Canada hockey games? And then there's *O Canada*. But take heart, for now in our time of National Crisis new life is being breathed into the old anthem by a young singer named Mary Ann McDonald, her boyfriend, pianist-arranger Paul Schreier, and a couple of Toronto producers—who were, as Maclean's went to press, on the verge of getting a major record company to

record and distribute the new *O Canada* (or, if necessary, doing it themselves). One thing is certain: the upbeat arrangement, sung by the 25-year-old McDonald in a style approaching Clio Laine or Aretha Franklin, does something quite magical with the nondescript lyrics (in both French and English) and the heretofore uninspirational music. This means the strong possibility that the arrangement will be inserted into the July 1, Canada Day TV extravaganza.

When in doubt, test it out

It's been called unsafe, ineffective, dangerous and a fraud, but *Laserte*, the much-promoted cancer "cure," may be questioned on numerous counts by the National Cancer Institute in the United States. While *NCI's* scientific position—that *Laserte* is useless—has not changed, as acting director, Dr. Guy Newell, says "social pressure" is a motivating factor: *Laserte* is legal in seven states, though interstate traf-



McDonald with glowing heart

fic is federally banned. And, in both the United States and Canada (where it is also banned), a growing number of cancer victims are getting it on the black market.

Eat your heart out, Walt Disney

Thanks to the phenomenal critical and artistic success of *The Sound and The Fury* and *The Owl Who Married A Goose*, the so-called films of Caroline Leaf have become something-to-look-forward-to, almost as one looks forward to the "next *Alfama*" or the "next Truffaut." Well, the "next Leaf" will premiere in mid-June at the Festival D'Antony in France, and then will most likely be released to theatres by the National Film Board, her employer. Like *Owl*, the new film, *The Housekeeper Of My Sister* (from the Kafka novel) is realized through the shifting and photographing of sand sculptures on a translucent light table. *The Sound and The Owl* took first and second prizes, respectively, at the Antwerp Film Festival in New York, adding to honours that include *Elegy* (one critic) and an Academy Award nomination (*The Sound*) in 1977.



Leaf... in a theatre near you

Young man on the way up

On July 16, Gilles Villeneuve will slide behind the wheel of an M-23 Marlboro McLaren in Silverstone, England, and become, with an asterisk, the first Canadian ever to race Formula One. (The asterisk is necessary, since since George Fittus did so some Formula One racing, but he managed it by renting the services of the BRM team.) The 25-year-old Villeneuve, from Bellerive, Quebec, was the Canadian National Driving Champion last year, in Formula Atlantic cars. He won every race save one and most important, he beat World Champion James Hunt at Zandvoort. When Hunt returned in England, he told his bosses at McLaren about Villeneuve, and they, in turn, invited Villeneuve onto their Formula One team. After the British Grand Prix, Villeneuve (and Hunt) will compete in the Belgian, Dutch, Canadian and American Grands Prix.



Villeneuve: the hot new "chance"

This Gzowski in the summer



WILDFIRE happened to Peter Gzowski? Well, he's alive, presumably, and listed up in the *Maclean's* who's looking for publication in November. What book seems a bit uncertain even to publisher told Harjo, who says only that it's "about Peter Gzowski and Canada, and about both of them." It's expected to focus heavily on Gzowski's independence and what a terrible thing it would be, and *Maclean's* was heavily on his mind as he broke up. Also Gzowski may explain why a softball star he always into the wrong kind

Canada

It happens in the best of families

At 3 a.m. on March 6, 1971, working on a mural for a downtown disco, Vancouver artist-sculptor Jim Miller heard the news on the radio. Margaret Joan Sinclair, 72, had married Joseph Philippe Pierre Luc Elliott Trudeau, 51 and two years older than her mother. "I remember thinking something about it sounded off," says Miller now. "The bell rang with a crack in it."

Late last month the bell chimed. In a brief but eloquent four-sentence statement the Trudeaus announced that they had separated. Margaret would pursue an independent career, and Pierre would have custody of their three sons. The news must have come with as little shock to these Canadians as it did to Mrs. Miller, over a year after Margaret's solo escapade in March—two Rolling Stones concerts in Toronto, the first on her sixth wedding anniversary, followed by worldwide publicity on her trip to New York—the country has been waiting for the other shoe to fall. Indeed, if Canada had one generalized reaction, it was a huge collective sigh of relief, not least that the public bewilderment of the nation's leader was over.

This sense of relief also said much about the ease with which marital breakdown among top elected figures are now accepted. Ten years ago certainly 15 the collapse of a Canadian prime minister's marriage would have been unthinkable—if he intended to stay in office. Now the political party would have stood for it. In the case of the Trudeaus it would have been even more remarkable, since both are Roman Catholics (he by birth, she by education) just before their wedding. Occasionally, then, the mere things change, the quiet they stay changed, and Margaret Trudeau's six-year divorce with the politician's demands and restraints has changed our perception of the office of Prime Minister's Wife—harkening together the same words as the U.S. presidential equivalent, at least in much of our social attitudes have changed with her.

Never in Canada's history has a prime minister's wife come to the job with so much on her side: a widely taught intelligence, a reputation as a spokesperson for the lower economic strata, widespread love from the public, and the kind of looks to tempt the angels. Here was a child-woman who would be a fresh wind through Ottawa's frosty corridors, a free spirit who could change Canada's boring, undisciplined ways, a bright beacon for the Canadian trumpets, and 24 Sussex Drive, which only two decades before



The Trudeaus on their wedding day. In *Canada*, that's how conditions were

had harbored a chairman who made parades and served them under the maple leaf would become our own *Canada* and issued with the feast of reason (he) and the flow of food (she). It never worked out that way, but for as years like a glass eye in the nation's forehead, the marriage favoured Canadians even when it became clear that our inflated expectations had made the god thing.

As the marriage wound down, there was no dearth of explanations—particularly in Ottawa, where gossip is a way of life. Most particularly, speculation centred on the Trudeaus' sex life—and if they married it they could at least tell that they were our first prime-ministerial couple to be known to have one. Indeed, it is the extent that has caused the most outrageous rumors. If one believed the best of the rumors, Trudeau has been intensely unfaithful with everything from casual power prospects to adult-faced Andean yaks. For this there is no evidence (the yak affair all being mere in the Huntleys), and a robust sex life, even to have been one thing, post that kept the marriage going, as long as it went. Once, in the lower days leading to the break, Margaret was asked what she and her husband had ever had in common. "We're—a lot," she exploded angrily.

Another robust rumor has it that Margaret had a tape—plus her own photographs—all Margaret Trudeau. And this was so torn that the editing went a off to

the Liberal Party for safe keeping—a story widespread that the Trudeaus had tried to find out to whom they were a *Yankee* nobody since no part of the rumor is true.

And then there are the variegated versions of the black eye, after Margaret's return from the Rolling Stones and New York Story One. Pierre bopped her Story Two. Story One's untrue, because the woman going off the plane from New York with the black eye already (Added color: black eye denied by Inuita friend I Story Three. Story Two's untrue, because Roba Leish, the New York journalist who first interviewed Margaret for *People* magazine, accompanied her back to Canada with her photographer, and knew she didn't have a black eye. Lunch with "Remember me?" the one identified in the papers as the Montreal event. My photographer was the CIA agent." So back to Story One which had been linked by Margaret in the first place—a bit, some believe, for public sympathy, the first time in six years she had ever had to ask for it if it was imagined, many felt she was lucky getting off so lightly.

Aside from what it meant to her husband, the Stones/New York just marked the end of Margaret's love affair with the Canadian public. For the past six years she has been loved by the many for just those reasons that have embossed the few. Two 45-rpm records have been made in her honor, one so seductive—"All we needed was a friend like you/You gave a helping hand/You became a working woman/And unpured all the ladies in this land"—but it spread much rumors than it had been famous by the Liberal Party, close examination of content and delivery might more accurately have attributed it to the Tories.

Her particular currency has been the media-35s those who view the feminist of the Stones with the steady romantic aura of post-pubescent Margaret was their flower-child, she said to herself. She wanted to do her own thing, find herself, ditch herself in the wake of Judd Korbmann. And so when she sang her own song, during the Prime Minister's Love, America went last year to the wife of Venezuela's president. "You are a mother/And your arms are open wide/For your children/For your people/Mrs. Pierre, you are working hard," she said, and much of public opinion on her side in Toronto and New York she separated it, she was every bit as much a mother as Mrs. Pierre, after all.



The way they were, clockwise from the top left: Justin's christening; Margaret's first official public speech, at a luncheon for the Soviet hockey team in 1972; the unceremonious fall visit to Venezuela in 1970; at the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal in 1974, where she asked to be "let alone for a while"; and smiling in the polls—that's Justin on his back—on election day in 1972



Meanwhile, there's that little matter of a fall election

Outside the Prime Minister's Commons office the customary springtime crowd of schoolkids had gathered to snap pictures of Pierre Trudeau. As he posed, Trudeau saw on Parliament Hill photographer Rod MacIvor, one of Margaret Trudeau's earliest professional camera instructors, helping a student with her Instamatic. Said Trudeau with a chuckle: "I see you're giving photo lessons again." MacIvor replied: "Every time I do it, I get into trouble—too."

The banner belied Trudeau's personal anguish at what he termed his "new arrangement." But it underscored the public relief in Ottawa after months of rumor and gossip that, finally, the air had been cleared over the country's most celebrated marital split. All his first press conference following the separation, Trudeau reiterated his intention to stay on as he and allowed jointly. "I suppose I'm one of many single parents who have to work and look after their children at the same time."

In political backrooms, where the hard-nosed and plain-talking practitioners of their craft are aroused by the possibility of a fall election, there was a rare agreement on all sides that Trudeau's personal troubles hadn't hurt him a whit. "It's very sad, but it's pure gold," said one campaign strategist. "The way he's handled it, Trudeau's come out a champ." A senior Conservative organizer nursed his beer and moaned: "He's now cornered national unity and motherhood."

The Trotskyist separation has no relevance to the timing of an election but it has at least removed a major obstacle to one this fall. Trotsky is now free to make an



Trudeau post-Stones, but pre-separation: who can resist a parent-without-a-heart?

undiluted assessment of the pros and cons after recent meetings with his campaign organizers and bloggers. Despite the impressive body of evidence against them, the election has seemed to bias the ascendant. Says one astute ex-who, like Trudeau, opposes a full vote: "Last week it was 70-30 against, now it's something like 55-45."

The most compelling argument is that the Liberals could clobber the Conservatives under Joe Clark (see page 24), who now trails the Liberals by 15 points in the Gallup poll. But having just won two of six by-elections, Liberal doves argue

they might look opportunistic and unrealistic in a full election. Besides, Liberal support in the east is soft. Jack Horner has not yet had a chance to prove his value as a new Prairie minister and this country could be in the throes of an explosive postal dispute this summer. Trudeau's election timing is also considerably reinforced by these events: he will not return from the Commonwealth Conference until June 16, he has a self-imposed August deadline for a decision on an Arctic gas pipeline and the Queen will be in Canada in mid-October.

Meanwhile, in examining a proposed charter of official minority language rights, it is hoped the scheme will enable Ottawa to avoid a direct challenge to Quebec's Bill One, which contemplated the end of official bilingualism in the province. Trudeau could possibly take his minority rights charter to the people and offer a platform of new constitutional proposals. With a national mandate, Trudeau could then directly counter Premier René Lévesque's analysis that, for French Canadians, Confederation is static and unproductive.

In the months ahead, Trudeau also plans to drop some of his nonessential public duties to spend more time with his children, who will be in the care of his nanny at 24 Sussex. He reported his children into the office one morning and told his secretary to have them along to at least part of the September travel examinations he is making this summer to the Gospel, pop, blues, and to Newfoundland. In fact, Trudeau delayed his departure for the Commonwealth Conference to arrive here a full weekend with his three boys—just part of a prime minister's requirement to live as Canada's most prominent single parent.

*Common meetings are now held on the first after the 10th of the month: Liberal—1st, Conservatives—1st, New Democrats—18, Social Credit (including the newly elected Oliver Committee)—11 and Independents—1

not only was she seen not to be working hard, but her own arms appeared to be made only for herself.

More than most, Margaret Trudeau is a study in contradictions. She is vulnerable and sensitive on hearing, as an Ottawa party that the wife of Clark Hassen of Justice—whom she barely knew—had been killed in a helicopter crash, she wept long and hard. This vulnerability, matched with position and good looks, is feared by many to be irresistible. All three make her self-absorption easier to take, notably by myth, it's an egoisticality, nevertheless. But has become increasingly hard to swallow, according to many who know her. The American writer Tom Wolfe has described her as young and naive of the Seventies, and as the "Sister of the Sixties" in the McGovern era, and Margaret is the living embodiment of it: "She can talk only about herself and her children," says only one

with regret, "had not very often about them. They took talk to her about poets, and the terms off at once. She is an extraordinary narcissist." As for her temper, Margaret put it this way: "One time when I was in the Glenora when Trudie was out of town, she invited a married couple to a three-course dinner at Sutton Drive and spent the evening belittling us as if the other women weren't there. The latter calls Margaret! 'That woman!' on this day she was in the Glenora, and she was right, whether one likes it. The *New Yorker* or *St. Louis* correspondent now in Washington. "She was adopted as a child—and she's developed into a selfish, immature woman with no sense of responsibility at all." And from Judy Morrison, reporter for Ottawa's *Star*: "She is a very charming woman, but this dignity, she is so very ambitious, but I'm afraid she has none."

A widespread theory holds that Marx-

has been badly treated by the media, explores is the quiet darkness. The most common logic or newspaper filter suggests that as this she has been treated fairly well she has had more publicity than might be good for anyone's headspace—but much of this goes with the territory and much of it, said her friend, is because she is so "prideful." She has no reproach in her "cute bottom." And she has used or tried to use the media at least as much as they have her. Last year, fresh from Latin America, she asked Newsweek's Judy Morton to work with her on a magazine piece about Venezuela's day-care centers for children. She could only write poorly. Margaret explained, prose was beyond her. She showed Morton a fan-mag clipping of what she wrote after I'd finished writing the book. It was terrible. But in Morton's suggested manner, would be horrible too—and made it clear that





With *Pink Blood* at the Rolling Stones in Toronto (top) and with *Wanda* Khan in New York (above): she's always known where the world revolved—around her

» *quid pro quo*—the would-grant-for-Mercedes radio interview

Sure, said Morrison, if we split the tax from the magazine piece. "But you have a job," said Margaret, incredulous—so volunteered nothing. Beyond the usual informants, a little later, that the Prime Minister gave her half his \$68,000-a-year salary. The inference was clear. Being the Prime Minister's wife was not a job, certainly not for one of the McCreathes.

And as the Prime Minister's wall-to-wall greatest opportunity, the most profitable gift—the most obvious challenge—required them all “abandon” a flavor of whatever flavor of the week she favors. A *Time* magazine editor notes that “Margaret has the aura of a burnished” but she has humiliated “photojournalism” more often, among and television also. Last week she was a guest on ABC's *Good Morning America* with a selection from her photo-journalism. Perhaps (if the *USA* is *USA* work piece)—there will tend to magnify, or to be available suggested. But it will increasingly depend, as the notoriety of being the Prime Minister.

her's wide moody, on what talent her photographs reveal. At the moment *The Toronto Star's* award-winning Boris Spretnak gives her work average marks for "good family-album shots," low marks for composition—"I've never seen one of Margaree's pictures that's made me say Wow!"

Finally, apologists will argue—and do—that the breakup was caused by the 29-year pain from the loss, and that the 29-year pain was caused by the loss into the age of 22. Both arguments are impressive: the first because Trudeau, at 57, is most uneasy in mind and body; the second because the loss of a child is the most traumatic thing one can do to the heart. In the highly public household of James S. Lucas, former father-in-law for prince meador Louis St. Laurent in the Fifties and now a widower, the two daughters and a young son were pulled apart semi-permanently, and that neither can be easy to live with. Trudeau, an accomplished ascetic in his life is neither; put his finger on the heart of a child, and he is a remarkably personal survivor for the French-Japanese war network earlier this month. "Marriage is a very difficult institution to live by," he said, "and requires great maturity." Marriage doesn't position itself as a simple thing.

It was precisely this that Margaret Sinclair Trudeau rebelled against: though the evidence of history suggests that the kind of freedom she seeks demands a strict plumb of its own, Freedom's just another word for nothing left to lose, says Kris Kristofferson, perhaps hard for the lost and lonely of the Sixties—a romantic notion, and used ac-

The Duplessis touch

Le Chef. A respectful, even fearful, designation that to Quebecers evokes a recent memory. Maurice Duplessis. For 16 years, ending in 1969, he dominated the province by juggling established powers and ruthlessly crushing his foes, all in the name of defending Quebec's destiny as a French territory in North America. Nearly two decades after his death, once his iconic status remained so politically controversial that, until now, none of his two sons dared display it for fear of being interpreted by accusations of stirring up strong-arm rule.

But Le Chef's creeping back into the popular vocabulary, this time applied to René Lévesque who, having pushed to the Parti Québécois of his ideology more radical than his father's and after holding office a scant six months, has manifested both opposition parties into virtual obscurity and pushed them toward endorsing the need for a referendum on Quebec's future. The province, as was the case under Duplessis, lacks any credible opposition to the Premier. And to consolidate his strength further, Lévesque is rehabilitating Duplessis, or at least emphasizing the constant desire of Ottawa that marked the career of the Union Nationale founder as much as his use of patronage to retain power (though never to fill his own pockets). Duplessis' virtues will soon be re-examined in his daily repository and elevated to a permanent place of honor somewhere on the National Assembly grounds. Lévesque's job is one of colored tint. He is gambling that while erosion of the statue will further climatic reform, which will be expected with the party's migration to the middle-class centre, it may help consolidate traditional Union Nationale beliefs that provincialism is a logical extension of Duplessis' fight for provincial autonomy.

The tolling of the bell was set up on his own party followed an even more apolitical statement of his leadership an "economic mission" of Quebec business labor and government issues which was supposed to be a conciliatory. Lévesque promised moderate enterprise, promised the union establishment in faith would be rewarded by job-labor legislation, and played both groups by sharply attacking the radical left of his labor movement which has no large measure been responsible for the province's highest industrial relations. The success of the current campaign the debt shield that made it possible. Lévesque opened the three-day session by cynically branding debate on the diverse questions of language and independence. But even so, these initial remarks the Premier has won valuable support from the unlikely direction of the opposition press.

So evident is (telephone approval of the government is determined to impose French as the language of economic power



The Duplessis statue (and other former monuments) in a Quebec City workshop maybe he won't touch a bed guy after all

that the official opposition Liberals refuse to take a stand against the policy. Union Nationale leader Rodrigue Biron raised his party into an emergency convention which he dropped his economic promise of more access to English schools and the up with a new policy sounding more like an echo than as answer to the Parti Québécois' *Charte de la langue française*—Bill 101. There one eye on the voters and the other on the *Projet* program. Biron announced that he, too, would call a referendum in the process of creating a new Canada with greater autonomy for Quebec.

Now despite his pretense for moderation, Biron's Union Nationale appears not so sure about the once dominant Liberal leadership under the ultimate leadership of René Lévesque. After months of denying the coming referendum a decade source of economic reality, the Liberals have now come up with

a proposal of election for a plebiscite to clarify what they call a new Canadian "economic and political association." The Liberal referendum plan, issued by a policy group led by former Economic Council of Canada chairman André Raymond, currently an opposition backbencher, is to be debated by a full convention which will not, however, solve the leadership problem. A permanent Liberal chief is not to be named until next year and so far only the possible candidacy of federal deputy Minister Jean Chrétien has avoided any effective-later commitment among several provincial Liberals because of the federal party's disastrous participation in the Quebec election campaign.

By playing the diversity of their parties individual opposition members have taken to the stand with their own pro-Confederation movements but with dubious prospects of success.

Harder to claim is a pro-party group however, as the Committee for an Eleven-year Province, a right-wing single-party organization at the tail end of the spectrum. The

movement is promoted by the Union Nationale's Bill Shaw and argues that all of Quebec outside the original French colonial settlement should separate from the province if it recedes from Confederation. Says Shaw: "I would rather have a Canada which is a little bit smaller but with a Bill Shaw of Canada with it." And that kind of opinion only confirms Lévesque's authority among French-speaking Quebecers.

DAVID THOMAS

The Dudley Do-wronger

On a busy October morning in 1972, the staff of *L'Agence de Presse Libre* du Québec (APLQ), a small, left-wing news agency in Montreal, discovered that an office in a two-story house on St. Robert Street had been robbed. The thieves had broken in expertly—there was not a scratch on the lock on the door—and had left without a trace. "It was a very clean operation," recalls Pierre Capello, a journalist with APLQ. But one guess didn't fit: the thieves took only the news agency's files and left behind about \$125 in cash.

The incident might have ended there but Capello and the rest of the staff suspected this was no ordinary burglary and so in a guess confirmed on October 7, the same day they discovered the break-in. Then on October 8, they fired off telegrams to the news the Quebec provincial police and the Montreal municipal police asking them if they were responsible for the incident. They posed the same questions in registered letters to federal Solicitor General Jean-Pierre Goyer and Quebec

Justice Minister Jeanne Chénier. On October 12, they got a reply from Chénier in a telegram that stated that the break-in was "not attributable" to the agency, nor to the provincial or municipal police.

The controversy then quietly died down until, more than three years later in a Montreal courtroom in March 1976, Robert Semmes, a former RCMP constable on trial for his failure attempt to blow up the home of Quebec superintendent Maurice Mel Desha (the bomb exploded in Semmes' face) blamed all that he and officers from the provincial and municipal police had conducted the APLQ break-in.

That revelation prompted a flurry of activity in Ottawa, where Warren Allmand, who had replaced Goyer as solicitor general and minister responsible for the RCMP, promised an investigation. Soon afterward, the case was turned over to the Quebec authorities for prosecution and last



Deputy (right), and Semmes with lawyer Paul Sherry at a court appearance (left), they always get their files

month three senior police officers, one each from the RCMP (Chief Superintendent Donald Cobb), the provincial police (Inspector Jean Coulletier) and the municipal force (Inspector Roger Cousart), pleaded guilty to a charge of failing to obtain a warrant for the "big job." But now we are kept exposed for the evening, which the press is calling a "mini-Watergate," to end there. Cobb, 46, who was chief of the RCMP anti-terrorism squad in Montreal and a highly regarded Mountie, if he was involved in the APLQ break-in, who also knew about it before? Ottawa denied the solicitor general and his department knew and clearly hoped to use the controversy at Cobb's level. Cobb himself seemed willing to go along. But even if he was, what could he do about the break-in before it occurred? The question remained why no action was taken afterward until Semmes dropped his bombshell in court. Goyer pressed his innocence and said "I'll be responsible for anything going on."

I would submit my resignation to the Prime Minister right now," Francis Fox, the current solicitor general, said. But Cobb was, indeed, representing after the break-in. But he was also promoted twice.

Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau said that no minister had known of RCMP involvement in the break-in until several years after it happened. But that left unanswered the chance of a response to APLQ's initial request for information from Goyer and the RCMP. Did the RCMP lie to Goyer about their involvement? Or did Goyer break off the inquiry—which came in the middle of the 1972 election campaign—in a reporter's opposition ethics also questioned whether the APLQ break-in was related to a radical incident of overreaction police action.

Prior to the APLQ break-in, there were two winter and, as yet, unexplained incidents in Toronto involving left-wing organizations. In December, 1970, just after the October Crisis when paranoid over-activity security was at its height, the office of Press Corp. 7, a radical outfit that was active to organize the country's poor people, was broken into and set afire. The culprits were never found. But earlier this year a 1971 letter signed by Goyer and drafted by the RCMP concerning the concept of a "extra-parliamentary opposition" (also, the so-called *opposition*), was leaked. It seemed to be based in part on documents missing from the Press break-in. Press was implied on the letter as being "an integral part" of the same strategy.

In June 1971, six months after the Press break-in, the offices of James, Lewis and Semmes, a left-wing publishing company, were broken into and files stolen. Some files listed, a man identifying himself as a police officer reviewed the files, saying they had been found "as a result."

Whether or not the news was involved in the Press and James, Lewis and Semmes break-in, Conservative MP Ernest



MacKay thinks there are enough unresolved questions to warrant a judicial inquiry into the operations of the RCMP. He is concerned the RCMP may have become a force unto itself, out of control of the government. Trudeau, who privately shares these concerns, may oblige MacKay by holding a judicial inquiry. But the intricacies of an inquiry could render higher than the RCMP into the government and the cabinet itself.

BYRON HART

B.C.

What's-his-name's travels

It was not the kind of joke that Joe Clark could afford to ignore. On the final day of an intensive seven-day tour of British Columbia, which ended early this month, he found himself under the gun as a B.C. River supermodel, confronted by a very determined lady who wanted specific answers to the problems of the day. As the cameras began to roll and the small crowd closed in on Joe Clark's response, there were snickers and giggles at the sight of an overbearing, tight, YOUNG TURK—READY FOR BARRAGE. Later, as the small coastal town of Port McNeill on northern Vancouver Island where Clark began a dinner speech by mentioning the day's one question remained: "He thought he better beat everyone in the punch."

It was one of the few times he did seem a little bit that was undertaken to show him at his best—face to face with small-town Canada—had ended up instead addressing the sad fact that after more than a year as leader of the Progressive Conservatives he has convinced very few people here on the right side of the job. With the Tories down dramatically in the polls, beaten in the recent Quebec and Prince Edward Island by-elections and shaken by what have become almost incessant rumors of internal squabbling, Joe Clark was being asked an increasingly familiar question: Is he good enough to lead the party? Or, as one harsh reporter in Port Alberni put it, "Is your party going to tell you man to the next election?"

The relentless decline in the political fortunes of Joe Clark constitutes one of the more agonizing tales in Canadian politics, not least because it has been caused partly by factors clearly beyond his control. Michael Meehan, current president of the Conservative Party convention. "That's a point where you can go out, stand on your head spitting nickels and it won't make a difference." By far the most devastating attack on Clark's relatively brief leadership career was the election last November 15 of René Lévesque and his Parti Québécois. The standard-bearer of national crisis underlined Prime Minister Trudeau's image as a forceful, charismatic leader and, after five months at the top of the party, Clark began his fall. "In November '83," says one Tory, "his inside Joe Clark ended."

When he won the leadership, Clark also



McTear and Clark among the links at a Vancouver barbecue, naturally, striped

inherited the monumental task of trying to unite a party notorious for its splitting, and the fragile coalition of left and right that he built promptly collapsed with his standing in the polls. Downed by Jack Homer on the right, who recently joined the Liberal cabinet, and leading with him on David MacDonald on the left, Clark also found himself caught in a swimming dispute with Quebecer Claude Wagner over the handling of the party's affairs in the province, the outcome, partially, of Wagner's hogging the limelight in his narrow leadership loss to Clark.

But while some of his problems may not be all Clark's own making, both he and his staff must assume a fair share of responsibility for his apparent inability to find a winning formula. And rarely has the lack of such a formula been more evident than during his last year. When Clark and his wife, Muriel, for example, arrived in the Queen Charlotte Islands a year to the day after Prime Minister Trudeau was thrown there by hundreds of spectators, only two lonely Meehans were on hand to greet the opposition leader. "It was a nice day. Most people were fishing," said a party worker.

As it often has, Clark had the unfortunate experience of being eclipsed in the national media—first by the breakup of the Trudeau marriage, then by the Trudeau government itself, which was scheduled a press conference presided over by federal Finance Minister Jean Chrétien on the same day the Tory

leader was in town. The opposition leader also crossed fellow traveler and colleague Ron Hoggan (ex-Caplan) to turn quietly apologetic when, after being asked his views on Bill C-43, the government's proposed telecommunications legislation, Clark replied: "Now, I'm not very good at numbers, what bill is that?"

Finally, he lost the spotlight to his wife who during a press conference snugged as a TV reporter that perhaps he could "top p on me tonight instead of Joe." For some reason, Clark later denied using a TV report that Muriel had used the offending word, but then had to retract himself and apologize for the mistake.

Despite the general air of gloom surrounding Clark's future, some of his supporters argue that there may be no worse off than was Lester Pearson, when he was humiliated by John Diefenbaker in 1958 and seemed to become lost. But one of Clark's most pressing tasks, in the view of various Tories, is to restore his public image, which too often comes across as stuffy, wooden and out-of-date. In British Columbia, however, he gave little indication that this is about to happen overnight. Audiences seemed to yearn for some sign of magic, some display of charisma, but Clark resisted conventional press and literary approach in the night one. "I can't do the Nuremberg thing. I can't whip them up," he said. Later, he reflected that his lack of public passion makes him right for the times. Referring back to the leadership convention, he added: "All the other candidates seemed lost in passion. I didn't. That's why I won."

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Was Robert Rowbotham punished for society's sins? By Barbara Amiel



The Court and Cell in Toronto's Windsor Arms Hotel is filled this May night with unassessably stoned people showing gleaming exposures of golden teeth in open-mouthed, halting stunts. The tables are cluttered with goblets of Pernot white and Rosenthal coffee pots and the sweet staccato of sipping—a mingling of expensive perfumes and throaty laughter—with over the courtroom's wicker chair and plant door. Except at one table, where seated drug dealer Robert Wilson "Flower" Rowbotham sits. Here, wearing the same clothes he has worn every day of the last month of his trial. By now the multicolored robes, slant platform shoes are peeling and scuffed, but they are his favorite shoes. His "lucky" shoes, he says, and so he keeps wearing them. The assistant social worker with the embroidered partridges on the back is open and unashamedly is the Mowbray shirt he has worn for the last four days of his cross-examination.

It is the latest stretch for Rowbotham. Three and a half years ago on January 3, 1994 he was arrested and charged with conspiracy to import one ton of hash into Canada. One out. Four people charged as accessories pleaded guilty, and by now one of them is already out on day parole. But Rowbotham is fighting the charge, pleading innocent. Twenty-seven miles away in the Knappton, Ontario courtroom where Rowbotham's trial is slowly winding up, the empty crates from Lebanon sit piled up to the left of the judge's chair, the rocky skulls of Lebanese still clanging in the back-up swappings. Tonight Rowbotham has left his wife Paula and their three children in their rented east-end Toronto house to come out here to the white-on-white cellblock and drink a couple of bottles of Heinekens. Tomorrow the Crown attorney will read up cross-examination of Rowbotham and then the jury will hear the last speeches of the Crown, defense and

Rowbotham (right) and Mollie, with Errol Flynn, he looks in the final reel

judge before returning to their own lives. If convicted, Rowbotham could face a life sentence. He leans back in the wicker chair, his stomach protruding a brace above the fleshy tongue and a liver Norelco belt buckle. The red in Roth on his five-foot-11 frame the result of too many pizzas badly grubbed during court sessions. He drags heavily on his cigar, the dark barrel eyes glowing soft in the hash oil placed so delicately on the witness is isolated. Now he shifts wearily, the Afro banding forming a soft, slightly puffy face, his voice easy and sure. His manner is jaunty, strong, reflective, a preserved, polished soliloquy.

"Do you think it's right," he asks the others in his table plainly, "when I'll wait quietly, to take a man away from his family for maybe 12 or 14 years because he deals in hash and marijuana which lawyers

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judges and middle-class straight snobs." Does that sound right to you? I'm 26 years old. My youngest kid is nine months. He won't even know me."

Rowbotham will be convicted. He will be sentenced in courtroom number three in Brampton on May 11, one week from that night at the Courtyard Café. The jurors will come back onto the courtroom after 14 hours of deliberation with their eyes averted, not looking and smiling at Rowbotham anymore, and he will know their verdict even before the foreman speaks the defense counsel, Mervin Reiter, will ask that he be allowed to spend the last night before sentencing at home with his wife and children, and the Crown prosecutor Patrick Duffy will rise to say he has no objections. But the judge, Stephen Binnie, will not permit it, and Rowbotham will be taken straight from the courtroom to the Brampton lockup. Next day he will be sentenced to 14 years—a sentence equal to the maximum for conspiracy to murder. And so last May 12, the bulky multi-million-dollar international drug-dealing career of Robert Rowbotham came to an end in a windowless court room. Aspects of his treatment by the authorities attracted editorial criticism and charges of "postconviction prosecution." Finkeblith clicked over his data recorder of Rowbotham as their Norman Macleod attorney in Canada loyally on his behalf. But the real significance of the case lies not in Rowbotham's



Rowbotham as a kid following his first drug bust: the girl's identity is not relevant, then obscured; boy wonderful!

classic for changes in the "soft" drug laws (see even in the presidential memo that resulted in his 308 days of jail awaiting trial—important though such "memoirs" may be). The lasting significance of Robert Rowbotham is that from the first day he became involved with drugs he had the support and encouragement of the same society that would later sentence him to 14

years on parole for him. In every sense of the word, Robert Wilson Rowbotham is our creation.

He was born in Belleville, a small Ontario town on the Bay of Quinte, fascinated with good sailing and a strong sense of community. His parents were born there too. Decent people who made sure their four children went to Sunday School and learned "what was right." They never made a lot of money, but Grace and Alf Rowbotham never wanted for much. Alf purchased the lot for his family's home in 1946 for one dollar as an ex-convict and built the house with his own hands. Alf told the home in which Robert Rowbotham was born cost his father \$4,500 to construct.

By the time the mid-Sixties came, Robert Rowbotham was restless. Belleville closes up tight in the evenings, and apart from hanging around Front Street's Coy Grill or the race door posthall there was very little to do. If he had been more academically inclined he might have made use of the library. Perhaps if he had been more spiritually resourceful, he could have comforted his heart with the beauty of the harbor and the foam-flecked waters bubbling in the locks and worn along the Mattia River. But in 1967 North American pop culture integrated mental and spiritual growth to mean the psychedelic world of rock music, and "mind-expanding"

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drugs. The CBC was busy interviewing and re-interviewing Dr. Abraham Hoffman who had once administered mefloquine to Aldous Huxley while Timothy Leary was all over the press talking about the new status of consciousness to be reached with LSD. Psychonauts from such institutions as the Ontario Addiction Research Foundation were growing their hair and earnestly exploring the difficulties of playing it making value judgements on the use of mood-altering drugs. Scientists and Modernism: Rowbotham was drawn to the flame of such enlightenment.

He traveled the 120 miles from Belleville to Toronto's Yorkville district where the Canadian version of San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury district was thriving. On the crowded pavements of midtown Yorkville, hippies, bikers and suburbanites on-the-make parked against one another and vied for the few uncomfortable swivel seats and chairs in such outdoor cafés as the Purple Grove and the Penny Farthing where espresso was served, and if you made the right connections—drugs could be bought. All the action was right there on the streets in between a juxtaposition of misadventured fights, vague black-headed eyes and fully outwitted lawyers and accountants of middling years.

"I'd get some money together," explained Rowbotham, "and go into Yorkville. I'd like to see with my friends and we'd buy a few acids, maybe half a pound of marijuana and some bits of cash whatever was going, and get it back to Belleville and sell it around. I was looking at making a little money."

Remember, says Malcolm Evanshow one of Rowbotham's English teachers, "where Flannery O'Connor as he was called—came up to my desk one day before class started. He was in grade 10 or 11. He took out a wallet stuffed with \$25 bills and just rattled it through and all he said was 'Look'."

But students were changing. In Ontario, under the leadership of the then education minister Bill Davis and later Thomas Wells, reforms were being made more "relevant." Students were being taught about Eastern philosophies and World Religions. Rowbotham's teachers themselves may have had mixed views about the use of cannabis and its value as a mind-expanding substance. Claimed Rowbotham: "One teacher used to bring in records of Leonard Cohen, Gordon Lightfoot and the Beatles. We used to call up dabbles [gonks] at the back of the class while the music was playing and get a real buzz." At the same time, Rowbotham was picking up snippets of information about "various practices, hallucinogenic involvements and psychic acids" without the school giving him the basic academic training necessary to embrace such on-karmacos. Meanwhile, in the real world outside the classroom, the casual use of indiscriminate drug use were beginning to surface.

They were a flash-in-the-night half a dozen

years ago in any day. Seeing out, sometimes sick near to death from bethel acid (imported homemade LSD) and generally that broke the hottest teenagers defined as some with interests to go. The Society solution was to create dropout centers. Belleville joined hands with other enlightened communities and with the help of funds from the local YMCA, and contained at once set up centers run by real "youth people." Which is how Robert Rowbotham came to play one of the first houses in Belleville. The appointment seemed a confirmation to him of his own understanding of the new currents of society. But his career in social worker was short-lived. Rowbotham was not destined to play Spider Tracy to Belleville's Boys' Town. On Good Friday, 1968, Rowbotham was arrested purchasing three quarters of an ounce of hashish in the small community of Port Hope just outside Belleville. He served 30 days in reform school where he was sent for counseling sessions with a psychologist, Claire Rowbotham. "He said to me," Rowbotham says, "the only thing that's wrong with you is that you've got to make get into drugs more heavily or get out." Which I thought was really neat for a government dude. He wasn't sold on the competitive society. He was alive from the best of us."

It's possible of course that Rowbotham's account of the psychologist's remarks may have been exaggerated. But it didn't need to be. Psychologists, for anyone else to tell Rowbotham that soft drugs were society's latest fad. A new morality based on the anti-war movement, civil rights and legitimate dissent had merged unexpectedly with the cult of pot. Half-actualized ideas about love and peace became the modified philosophy of a group of young people who barely read a book but quickly picked up notions from television and newspaper headlines.

"My life began with the assassination of Kennedy," explains Rowbotham. "I didn't need books to know that the Vietnam war was wrong and that the Vietnam could bring real peace to the people and that an understanding of human beings could only come to the world through drugs."

School no longer appealed to him. After his 30-day sentence he tried to go back. But his eyes were fixed on a new Jerusalem. The youth society was beginning to wake up to Rowbotham's ideas of an alternative society in the distance. 120 miles away the tapers and spots of this new world were actually being built. In 1969 Rowbotham borrowed \$19 from his mother and left Belleville for the abandoned horizons of Toronto's Kitchikie College.

His reputation was to spread the length and breadth of North America as the drug supervisor of the Western World. But when Rochdale opened in 1966 it was meant to be—in the words of one of its founders, poet Dennis Lee—"a community of men and women who love wisdom



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and are actively pursuing it." The 15-story building cost \$5.2 million and was financed by a Canadian Mortgage and Housing Corporation loan. It was a non-degree granting college with no formal educational structure (i.e., no exams, no homework, no classes) and offered informal seminars or lectures on any subject to residents free of charge. Just about every Canadian newspaper and magazine ran glossy articles heralding the rise of student power and the new Utopia of Rockdale. Later on some journalists even explained how society had nothing to fear from the use of self-drag-in-bathrooms and marijuana at Rockdale. Dr. Bruce McLeod, when he was moderator of the United Church, voiced this view on television. Columnist Kenneth Bagnell echoed it in Toronto's *Globe and Mail*. By the early Seventies, although one pretense of Rockdale as a "college" had long evaporated, it was still getting government aid through Local Initiative Program grants (\$279,000 in 1972) and the federal Opportunities For Youth program. A Toronto politician had released a survey that said 62% of Rockdale residents used pot and hashish at least once a week. 18% used heroin daily. 13.5% used liquor daily and an estimated 30% of the 900 residents would have had treatment by a psychiatrist at least once, although explained the perils of "perhaps only for a bad trip." A committee investigating Rockdale submitted a report to the federal government advising against the closing of the college because such action "could have repercussions for the local government and its emerging youth policy."

But Robert Rowbottom could not believe that the media world and pace setters of Canadian society are so glib in their claims as the world of fashion. He would swallow the Rockdale myth and bring only a act upon its values long after the editorial writers and youth cult enthusiasts had become bored and moved on to shiner new news. Still, all that was to come when Rowbottom arrived at Rockdale in 1969 and was greeted by an old Belleville friend, Les Argue, who was retail manager for the building. Rowbottom moved in as a model and made a brief visit at working, two days as a truck delivery boy. For the Toronto Star before he had to leave he had the job and never worked again. He began dealing at marijuana and LSD almost straight away. "I bought it from this guy called Neal. He'd give me 100 boxes of one in a dollar for a hit and I'd sell it for two dollars a hit. And I made \$300 in three days."

Rowbottom had found his calling. By then Rockdale was being haunted by the inkers and speed freaks who were terrorizing residents. Bad dope was flowing around the building. Rowbottom pursued a Timothy Leary approach to merchandising rate by drug business. "My customers knew they'd get what they paid for. No repeats. It was just a small-town boy" in the strange world. Rowbottom



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might have become a Garfield Weston or an E. P. Taylor. As it was, his combination of charm and can rapids established a Friday night lineup outside his room of 50 customers in more. Plans for expansion were inevitable. Rowbottom went to Vancouver in 1973, scored into a contract and applied for welfare. "Everyone took welfare there. Its whole idea, you just grab it. We pocket our welfare money and bought a couple of pounds of pot. I went to the airport, got a real cheap ticket as a student standby, flew to Toronto and sold the stuff for double. Expect the summer doing that."

Soon Rowbottom was financing other ventures—\$20,000 here, \$30,000 there. He moved to Edina, Minn. and found a vegetarian restaurant in Rockdale, and turned it into a coffee house at night. In partnership with a friend he formed a company called Edina, Minn. which produced several rock concerts at Toronto's St. Lawrence Market including one of Alice Cooper's for Canadian appearance. Then there was his boutique called Sweetwater specializing in the paraphernalia of pot. "The price and the store would come in to check out what was new in hash-pot. Seventy-five percent of our buyers for head magazines, were men. They kept us in business."

But it was drugs that kept the money flowing in. By 1972 Rowbottom had moved out of Rockdale, although he con-



Rockdale evictions, May 1975: weep not, the middle class will carry on its work

tinued to keep a wide variety of means for storing drugs and accommodating overnight buyers. Now he was organizing marijuana trips to the United States importing as much as 1,000 or 2,000 pounds of the drug from California. He had half a dozen employees working for him, doing the wrapping and distribution of the drugs in specially certified vans. By 1974 Rowbottom was known across North America as the Mr. Big of marijuana with as much

as five million dollars' worth of drugs passing through his hands and an annual profit conservatively estimated at \$250,000. "But I put all the money back into the alternative community, into the vegetarian supermarket and the rock music. That's the people the money had come from and I wanted it to go back there. That's why I was in this. To be a kid that thinks money." Whatever Rowbottom did with all his money, it never showed in his lifestyle. He lived in rented rooms in Ontario where he bred dogs and never paid more than \$500 a month rent. His clothes were not expen-



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son. His can was usually at least a couple of years old.

He sells where he sees it. Roskelle rarely spent much more expensive than the silver and turquoise bracelet Roskelle imported for the Sweetwater boutiques. There were Swiss bank accounts a few times, but no cash. That's why he counted more than \$60,000 in them. He was an entrepreneur, like rock stars and other members of the soft drug culture. He was an exotic cat of food and drugs. He would order the most expensive items on the menu and then a dozen friends at the same time. His consumption of hashish and marijuana was the envy of status-conscious Roskelle, where the amount of drugs a man could handle before taking on was a gauge to one's place in the hierarchy. "I smoked the best. Black Afghan hash. I never dealt much as it became the supply couldn't be controlled like marijuana. Good hash comes from the Middle East and Afghanistan and there's cocaine and heroin. Marijuana comes from Mexico via California and you can have to get it across the Canadian-U.S. border. With the prohibition of that hash, Swiss French the trip is a lot easier. It's a drug smuggler's guide to every border crossing."

Hashish and marijuana are both products of the cannabis plant. Marijuana is the chopped dried flower and top of the plant while hashish is made up of the very much more potent resin part. By 1973, Canada's LeDoux commission on the medicinal use of drugs had recommended decriminalization of possession and cultivation of cannabis for one's own use. One of the commissioners, Marie-Anne Bertrand, a Montreal criminologist, had gone even further and recommended the legalization of its importation and distribution. At Roskelle's trial, a Toronto stock promoter John Brower testified that he, John LeDoux and Yoko Ono spent a pleasant evening back in December 1969 smoking marijuana with two of the LeDoux commissioners. In the course of the LeDoux study at least one research scientist, working for the commission was fired for personal possession of hashish and by the time the final report came out its recommendations were unworkable. The members of cannabis no longer believed that it was as the killer weed. The problem with marijuana in the Sixties was that it made consciousness respectable. The same kids who would have sneered at a man longed to consume potterhood. But by the Seventies thoughtful people who had been rightly alarmed by the socially harmful effects of the drug which formed an atmosphere in which the most basic values of Western civilization were being questioned, could relax. From then on no longer being torn apart by children running off into the night to smoke pot, high school students were no longer dropping out to experiment with alternate lifestyles or to drink along the own flames of some parody of Rousseauian socialism. They might still consume some

big dogs, but by 1975 they would also be taking up to get into the professional faculties at university which could guarantee a job on graduation. Cannabis was an easy way to becoming successful. Few people thought that it was much smoking or mind-expanding that a certain, but few people believed that it was much more dangerous. The advocates of cannabis were quiet too. They had new causes to engage them—aboriginal rights, environmental, baby seats. For most, the drug wars of the Sixties had ended, the combatants had retired on. The only people whose emotions could still be engaged by the great cannabis hunt were the RCMP.

Roskelle had always been an arm to the law. Under designs as hard drugs, he made his name in the criminal justice system. He never used. He enjoyed telling the officers who searched his rooms body on for contraband drugs that they should relax and learn to live with his smoking pot. As the preliminary hearing before he trial, he even had T-shirts made up with a stenciled picture of Ottawa's police tower being destroyed by a rampant gang and the legend "Roskelle's words Reigns" on the back. He gave the T-shirts to the defense attorneys and offered them to the Crown and the RCMP. While at Roskelle he would, liberally give his car out of the



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underground garage and once traversed the black asphalt of time and was for the police forces to burn him in it was his game. His way of thinking his nose at straight society. But some thinking his nose at

The secret was growing increasingly aware with their inability to break up the Rochdale drug trade. Three vehicles charged against the walls (two "dash cams") told them only some drugs and a few small items. They were unable to conduct a search to the door. "The security system at Rochdale was too effective," explained Inspector S.H. Graham of the drug squad. "They knew everyone in the building and by the time we got inside the word

would be out." It seemed that the police force charged with ensuring the security of our nation against the combined intelligence forces of the world were seized by the problems of infiltrating a modern Toronto highway run by a few hundred high school dropouts. Shattering in this may be millions of Canadians who depend upon our secret uniforms for more than a good parade. It must have been once more getting to the Mounties themselves. They began keeping very close tabs on Rowbottom. "It must have been stopped and searched five or six times," he claims. In December, 1973, a suit of Rowbottom from London was discovered at Toronto International Airport. The Mounties watched it being picked up and taken to a house in Mississauga. Ontario. The occupants of the house worked for Rowbottom in his marijuana business and they pleaded guilty to conspiracy to import the hashish. Rowbottom was arrested as a conspirator. One of the conspirators named him in the brain behind the hash shipment. Although the informant's testimony came under heavy questioning since he had admitted he'd do anything to get an early parole. During the period between Rowbottom's arrest and trial in each time was taken up by a lengthy preliminary hearing—so lengthy added that during part of it Rowbottom was arrested on additional counts of trafficking in Burnie and Vancouver. With the new charges, Rowbottom, who had been free on \$15,000 bail since the original conspiracy charge, was put in jail. A series of technical maneuvers by the Crown and Rowbottom's own lawyer did little to speed him out of jail. His incarceration without bail awaiting trial lasted a total of 368 days.

The trial was marked by endless legal trickery and alarming displays of police meddling. On one occasion an officer casually explained the extraordinary security precautions taken with the dark brown hash from Lebanon. Then he walked to the crates to prevent the court with evidence of Rowbottom's hash only to find that one of the sealed bags contained a quite different green substance. "How did that get there?" asked the defense. "I don't know," replied the trial officer, trying to look the offending bag under a bench. Rowbottom's defense was that he was guilty of importing marijuana but not hashish.

In one sense he paid for innocence of the hash charge was heads of the past. Much to the point was the question of why so much time, money and money were being expended in that Brampton courtroom to fight the good fight against soft drugs when the battle had been resolved several years ago. Certainly enough, the only person who wanted to understand the significance of Robert Rowbottom was the American author Norman Mailer.

Back in the spring of 1973 Rolling Stone magazine sent free-lance writer Richard Sorenson up to do an article on Rochdale. Sorenson had never published much more than the odd short story in obscure literary magazines such as *Sitka*. Power but with friends like Norman Mailer and Hunter Thompson a secret ally to call oneself a writer without actually printing too many newspaper kops. Sorenson seemed to have more substantial resources, too, such as a 300-acre farm in Maine where he entertained his friends. The story on Rochdale never made it into print but Sorenson met Rowbottom and decided to coauthor a book on Rochdale and the drug subculture with him. On Labor Day 1973 Rowbottom went down to Sorenson's farm. All pointed up to the exciting prospect of meeting Sorenson's friend Mailer. Mailer, who

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The hidden persuaders

Guns don't make laws, but gun lobbies damn well do

By Robert Lewis



They look soft, serious, obviously posing. This is an important moment, however, in a campaign. The photographer from the Canadian Wildlife Federation poses the situation on his camera, a flash reflects in Ron Beaudoin's window, and the picture is taken. Nobody smiles. It would not do to smile, this is a solemn occasion. Senior officials from the Canadian Wildlife Federation are meeting in the office of the Minister of Justice, with the Prime Minister's spouse, a flower in his boutonniere, in attendance. This is the ceremonial highlight to a long, and remarkably successful, lobbying campaign: a campaign to reverse the government's intentions, force the reintroduction of legislation, and give us a new—and inadequate—gun control law. With the government relaxing under the assault of the lobby, here in Trudeau's office, with 15% of Canadians according to public opinion polls, asking for gun controls, here in Trudeau's office, asking that the government should be working more closely with opponents of strong controls. In the end, the government will write a new bill that anticipates all the major objections of the gun associations.

Remarkable. Remarkable, but not un-



usual. The scene in Beaudoin's office one sunny day last spring, undertaken two sides of government that have never made it into the conventional political scene. First rule: lobbying is the fourth—occasionally the second—son of govern-

ment. Rule two: to the spoiled go the riches.

Lobbying in Ottawa is a \$100 million-a-year industry that includes various gun associations, permanently on guard for the special interests of their clients, broad guns on special assignment and ad hoc groups who gear up for a specific legislative fight. If Canadians wonder why politicians never seem to listen to them, the reason is this: official Ottawa is too busy handling special pleaders to have the time for the gun lobby is a classic illustration.

In February, 1978, the government introduced Bill C-33, in response to alarm over a series of tragic shooting deaths, and a general uneasy feeling that guns were too readily obtainable, not only by legitimate sportsmen, but by kids and killers. There is today, roughly one gun in circulation for every two Canadians. This first attempt to regulate rifles and shotguns since the 1920s proposed to require anyone who owned or wanted to buy either guns or ammunition

"Most of all, if we can learn to see not just the object but the spirit dwelling in this house, we can discover a part of ourselves." Douglas T. Kenne, President, U.B.C., at the opening of the new Museum of Anthropology at U.B.C.

On a high cliff, overlooking the Strait of Georgia and the North Shore mountains, stands the new Museum of Anthropology of the University of British Columbia, created by Arthur Erickson. Though the material this great Canadian architect used reflects his contemporary architectural idiom, the post and beam structural theme, the landscaping of the site with native British Columbia flora, and the use of totem poles and native carvings outside as well as to evoke the character of a traditional Northwest Coast Indian village. The museum pays homage to the culture of the people who first lived there and to their descendants who see the building as a place to show not only that which was but also to show that which is being created today.

National Museums of Canada contributed money and expertise to the creation of this magnificent museum and continues to fund its operation. This funding is but one example of the almost eight million dollars National Museums of Canada is committing this year to assist Museums and Exhibition Centres in their programs to help us discover ourselves and our country.

3600 miles east of Vancouver, at Quarry Point, Cape Breton, overlooking Glace Bay, National Museums of Canada funds helped complete the new Exhibition Centre at the Cape Bre-



ton Miners Museum. Its exhibits graphically portray the hardships and danger faced by the tough Cape Bretoners who worked the coal face. This modest but moving museum, most of it underground, is a reminder of the importance of coal in the development of Canadian industry and a monument to the men who dig it.

Both these museums tell us something about ourselves.

In their celebration of the enduring spirit and struggle of two different peoples to exist in self respect they reflect that which is found in all museums across Canada—the sources out of which the Canadian identity developed. Canada's museums show us how the absorbing of values and struggle in the building of our country has contributed to the culture we are proud to call Canadian.

Exhibition Centre, Cape Breton, Miners Museum



NATIONAL MUSEUMS OF CANADA

Helping bring museums to people

to obtain two cadaverous men established access to the necessary for the required license.

The \$80-million-a-year gun industry responded in a way that was outrageous and, sometimes, outrageous. Hunters and shooters in rural areas, who regarded themselves as law-abiding, were angry that they would now need a piece of paper to shoot geese and hunt with their kids. They saw themselves as the targets of a campaign supposedly aimed at criminals. The bill's more radical opponents put forth more outrageous arguments. Some contended that because of the regulation of ammunition, fishermen would find that salmon without a license could be jailed. Liberal men, suitably provoked, came to Justice Minister Beaudet with a complaint that his bill could deprive gun-fishing anglers in their ratings of an essential tool of their trade. Even the usually unshippable Beaudet was astounded.

But strange, while satisfying does not exist here, as a campaign was mounted against the Gun Act by several national associations, including the Canadian Wildlife Federation (CWF), the Shooting Federation of Canada, and Firearms for Responsible Ownership (FRFO). They represented an estimated three million hunters and shooters.

Two of the key people in the lobby were Ken Reynolds, executive director of the CWF, and Bill Jones, the founder and man-



William (Bill) Jones and Leggett power in the people-act, to the 'right people'.



ing spirit of the act. They are quite different men. Reynolds (pronounced Ross-ant) is 51, a pleasant man, the father of four boys, and a scientist who likes nothing better than a weekend of fishing at his camp south of Ottawa. He doesn't hunt or shoot, but 10,000 CWF members do (the figure

represents more than half the membership), and he works for them. Jones is 46, a blunt, outspoken man who has a personal arsenal of 40 weapons. Angered by 1969 legislation requiring handgun owners to obtain permits to transport their weaponry, he established Firearms for Responsible Ownership. Jones became his full-time occupation. He signed up 20,000 members (at five dollars annually each)



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and dead off broadband enthusiasts. "Face it fellow Fibersan enthusiasts... THEY WANT YOUR CASH!" In numerous news (and) government spokesmen to fiscal doctors and liked to reward the boys that "demagoguery and disputation are awards" and that "GUNS is a four-letter word."

Some of Fard's wilder allies might have embarrassed the Wildlife Federation, but they had a small embarrassment of their own. As a registered charitable organization, the CWR, along with 50,000 other associations inscribed on the rolls of Revenue Canada, is prohibited from "acts of a political nature," or from "pressing for change in the law." Not surprisingly, when the lobby began to draw its weight around in Ottawa, Revenue wanted to know why it shouldn't lift the group's registration, which allows members to deduct a portion of the \$10.50 annual fee from their taxes. The CWR argued that its efforts on behalf of humans and animals were merely part of a wider effort geared to environmental causes. The revenue department, showing a leniency that some Canadians have missed in their dealings with taxmen, accepted the explanation. During its campaign, the two membership programs increased by 54,000 members and brought in a tidy take of \$550,000, some of which helped to finance the lobby.

The pressure was applied directly to men in two different ways. First, they were lured before meetings about with gun owners and questioned on their views about gun control. Some of the meetings were brawls. At one, in Liberal Ross Milne's constituency near Toronto, pro-gun advocates refused to leave one of the prime opponents of control, former acorn/Commissioner L. H. Nicholson who had offered his services to the Wildlife Federation to support the cause. Nicholson stomped off in disgust. A few weeks later, the lobbyist got the word from back this time, there was a more suitable audience, and this time, it was Mr. Milne who was respectfully berthed.

Another effective device was to threaten men with defeat if they backed the gun bill—a offer no MP in a marginal riding could afford to refuse.

By the time the control bill got to a House committee, it was in serious trouble. Even government members were opposing it. Ralph Goodale, a Liberal from rural Saskatchewan, fired a barrage of backbenchers who proposed amendments to soften the legislation. Goodale's patron (former justice minister (now transport minister) Otto Lang, joined in with some qualifications. The Tories were right at the of the lobby, and John DeGroot's turned up at a CWR meeting.

Even new members, whose causes supported the bill, moved under pressure. John Rodgace, one of the House of Commons' genuine left-wing voices, found his northern Ontario constituency of Nickel Belt in an uproar. One of his select rep-

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pend a \$1,000-a-year subscription, quit the party, however. Rodin gave up support of gun controls. Subsequently, Rodin gave up support of gun controls. Subsequently, Rodin gave up support of gun controls. Subsequently, Rodin gave up support of gun controls.

The meeting in Rodin's office late May was part of the campaign, and a symbol of how successfully it was going. The gathering was arranged by Joseph Gray, the Senior Liberal Librarian who was then government whip and is now minister in charge of Multiculturalism. Gray is a longtime supporter of the civil and political rights of the group's members. George Christie, whom he thoughtfully invited to Ottawa, along with associate director Royce and vice-president Guy Leung. Prime Minister Trudeau had invited Minister Bradford instead, and so he was criticized the gun bill and complained that they had not been consulted when it was drawn up.

By fall, when the sun returned from their winter recess, gun control is originally proposed was a dead duck. Prime Minister Trudeau himself gave the first public signal last September after a cabinet meeting—which Bradford did not attend—at Meach Lake. He conceded that "after the six months' lobby, efforts would be made to be a little more discerning in applying national policies... differently, in different parts of the country."

A month later, a dark paragraph for the Times Speech on gun control was drawn out. The search for a new bill was on, with the lobby riding shotgun on the process. Four months later the legislation was ready, and it is now before parliament, in Bill C-51. It probably will pass mainly because it merits virtually every objection raised by the gun associations. One is the loosening of all past and anticipated and the requirement for sponsors for

who'd be shot. In short, with every purchased rifle and shotgun will be regulated for the first time since 1920, the 12 million guns already in the hands of Canadians will go untouched. The government will rely on court orders to remove guns from owners who are deemed unfit. British Columbia's Sen. Scott Rogers, a strong supporter of tougher gun laws, growled, "The silent majority lost because it had no focus. Any of the gun lobbies, including the Sports Association, if there is one, can live with this legislation." Bradford expressed his own frustration with the lobby when he introduced his new bill. People who support tougher gun control laws he said initially "Guns will better speak up now." The tone was bitter, not cynical. No one with a knowledge of the lobbying system as it operates in Ottawa could have been surprised.

Ever since the Muggs Carta granted citizens the right to petition their overlords, special interests have been making their pitches to politicians. Businessmen first started gathering in order lobbies of Westerners 300 years ago to press for privileges from men on their way to vote and, doing so, gave birth to the term that is synonymous with intrigue, spins and corruption. In Canada, the first private group was founded by manufacturers who got together in 1828 to demand higher tariffs. Fifteen years later, the first organized labor delegation met with Sir John A. Macdonald.

The offspring of these shifty and demanding breeds have been with us ever since and now Ottawa is awash with "associations" whose representatives are calling to oppose, support or amend legislation. In response to more complex forms of government, a new species has sprung up at the side of these traditional groups—the Ottawa consultants. Their clients are corporations who want advice on government

PARO's a Jew and his trusty floppies: the latter says "Death Before Dishonor!"

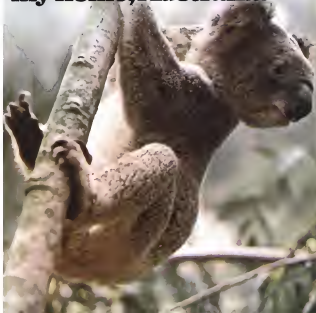
policy and access to policy makers. The consultants concentrate on senior civil servants, the bureaucrats who make key recommendations to government, and they all talk the same jargon-laden language, the strange jargon of the Harvard Business School and Washington's Brookings Institute, where recommendations "imply" instead of assert, policy, where clients "interfere" instead of insist, and demonstrate slight "tense years" to projects rather than people.

Consultants do not like to be called lobbyists. They equivoque, complain, sometimes threaten lawsuits when the label is applied to them. Lobbying, after all, is something Americans do. Here in Canada, according to conventional wisdom, it is the elected representatives who make the key decisions in the public sector not shadowy figures on the edge of parliament.

A nice theory, but the fact is that lobbyists by any name, are a major force in Canadian politics. When York University political behavioralist Robert Prehous undertook an extensive survey of the art, he concluded: "One is hard pressed indeed to think of any social context that is not represented by one or another organized group."

In fact, the Canadian system encourages the proliferation of special interest groups. "There is nothing wrong with lobbyists," says Toronto management consultant Bruce Light. "The main problem with the bureaucracy is that it doesn't have the facts." Bill Loe, the former Liberal minister and campaign organizer for Prime Trudeau in the 1968 election, gets calls at his Ottawa consulting firm from civil servants seeking substance from Loe's corporate clients on proposed legislation. The bureaucrats even ask him

Please do not read the next two pages. Which Qantas hopes will lure you to my home, Australia.



100 things to see and do in Australia.

1. See the soaring sails of Sydney's \$100 million opera house. Orchestra seats: about \$10. You could see the likes of Joan Sutherland, Roberta Flack, Rudolf Serkin and the Sydney Symphony.

2. Fly over the hydrofoil to Manly. On the way you'll see Pinnacles, an island fortress

named for the short nations they fed convicts a century ago.

3. On a sheep station outside Canberra you can see a sheep dog round 'em up. He takes the shortest route from one side to the other: across the backs of the woolies.

4. Buy a boomerang from a man called Mulga Bill and chances are he'll throw an some instruction for free.

5. Watch a torch-dusk on Phillip Island, the tiny fairy penguins march solemnly up from the sea.

6. Catch the organized mayhem called Aussie Rules Football. It's like soccer, rugby, basketball and a marathon rolled into one.

7. Watch a kangaroo go. At Tidbinbilla they hop to it at better than 30 mph.

8. Soar as a battle with the big ones of the Great Barrier Reef.

9. Get into a paddle steamer. From Grooteva to Myponga to Murrumbidgee to Swan Reach. And back.

10. Go to jail. Stand in the tiny cell where Ned Kelly, the notorious bush-ranger, was incarcerated. Listen. You may hear the echo of his mother's voice. "Mind you die like a Kelly, Ned!"

11. For lunch, pick up a hot meat pie. Take a bite. Now you know why they called hamburgers Dutch Under.

12. Off the north coast of Queensland, you can see more kinds of fish in the sea than anywhere on earth.

13. Save money. Take a 34-day Fly/Drive Tour of Australia.

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14. Baggle at the very fine specimens of bronzed blades on Bonds Beach. Or hang ten at any of a dozen beaches within an hour's drive of Sydney.

15. Get into a battle with the big ones of the Great Barrier Reef.

16. Have an Aussie beer. Host a tall one to accompany even taller stories in a country pub like Tinswell's Hotel.

17. Hotdog in Alps



Aboriginal Dreamtime.

21. Play a didgeridoo, an Aboriginal musical instrument. Go ahead, you can play it. There's only one note.

22. Order a thick sultan stuffed with Sydney Rock Oysters. Tell the waiter you want a corsebag.

23. Listen to a lyrebird. He can imitate anything from a power saw to a barking dog to a truck.

24. See a city stop. On the first Tuesday in November, when they run the Melbourne Cup, all Australia stops. Then

as the thoroughbred thunder home, a nation checks itself hoarse.

25. Tie a fly to a fish. Rainbows have been known to tip the scales at better than 30 pounds at Lake Crescent.

26. Do nothing. Lie in the sun at Surfers' Paradise.

27. Try to get the last laugh on a kookaburra, the bird that laughs just like you.

Try the Oysters. Tarina, with a topping of sour cream, minced onion and coriander. Richer than Rockefeller.

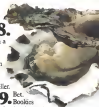
29. Bet. Bookies are legal at the tracks. And Aussies will bet on anything. Including two flies walking up a wall.

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about who's going on in other departments. In turn, Lee and his Executive Consultants Ltd. are well placed to tap the old boy network and advise clients on making their case before legislators is devised and approved by cabinet. By the time a bill reaches committee it is too late.

There is even what amounts to a lobby of lobbyists, the Institute of Association Executives, based on Bay Street in Toronto. (It is a social club which, typically, offers dissenting views such as major hotel chains to its 1,200 members [last are \$75-a-year]. But most lobbyists are not required to register, so they are in Washington, too.) Its membership is one of the few clues to the size of the Ottawa lobby. Its "chapter" in the capital has 234 members. They include the leaders of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters, the Canadian Manufacturers Association, the Canadian Medical Association and groups representing drug companies, grocery makers, travel agents and chemical companies.

Many of the consultants with their corporate contracts running up to \$100,000 a year, are former senior civil servants or ex-ecutives to cabinet ministers. Like the rest of them, Lee insists, "We don't represent clients. We produce strategy on dealing with government for them. We're selling knowledge of the government process."

In a system where information is king, company executives are eager to pay. Lee and his five partners have sold or marketed their services to such concerns as Ashland Oil, one of the participants in the proposed Kalamit, oil refinery, the Mining Association of Canada and Maclean-Hunter Limited, during debate on legislation dealing with Canadian owners of magazines and border television stations. Executive Consultants also has worked for the Grocery Products Manufacturers Association, the industry's Ottawa-based lobby headed by Emma Seale, a former deputy minister and member of the exclusive Five Lakes Fishing Club along with two other former deputy ministers: Simon Rasmussen and Henry Grandy. "Barbecues," says Lee, "are quite willing to hear what effort legislation will have, particularly if any jobs will be lost. That impacts because they know the political masters don't like that very much."

Tamara Wylie, head of Public Affairs International, includes among his clients J.M. Monaghan and Liberal MP's a former senior official of the Liberal Party and a confidant of the party's chief electoral officer, Senator Keith Dewey. One of Wylie's first partners, Damon Edwards once worked for Paul Martin when he was external affairs minister. "I will resist the demands of representing clients," says Wylie. "They've got to do that for themselves. We provide information for their interface with government." Wylie also takes on government contracts, once as an adviser to Bryce Mackenzie on the Post Office and currently for Culture and Affairs in attempts to level the private sector in the



department's Box 99 consumer complaints division.

One of the best-known Ottawa consulting firms is Rasmussen and Grandy Ltd., a partnership formed after the two ex-deputy ministers left the government. Simon Rasmussen from Finance, Jan Grandy from Trade and Commerce. Rasmussen and Grandy acted for Lockheed during the successful corporate lobby to win the billion-dollar contract for long-range patrol planes last year. The prongiest move by the duo into consulting from government, along with John Tinetti's metamorphosis on Bay Street, prompted the Trudeau government to proclaim new guidelines, known as the Turner-Rasmussen amendment, for politicians and bureaucrats taking private industry jobs.

There are as well into operations on the loose in Ottawa as representatives of their corporations. Claude Neen, the big bill-board advertising firm, last year signed Bill Lockie, vice-president corporate relations, as the Ottawa bureau chief, to field advertising assignments of Dwyer, whose up at Liberal Party meetings and recently has been making his push as the energy department for a planned media conservation campaign.

The biggest and most consistent winner of the ongoing interest groups in Ottawa is big business. When asked about the effectiveness of the Bay Street lobbyists, an insurance man replied only half in jest, "Oh, we put them to the test." The Liberals have withdrawn and introduced their Companies Bill on mergers and monopolies to many times since 1971 in the face of corporate pressure that it has had their members drive crash-crash go highway lawyer Clifford Kierulff. The keep against the policy as a whole who of corporate Canada. W. T. Stanbury, a professor of policy analysis at the University of British Columbia, concludes in an upcoming book (*Business America And The Reform Of Canadian Corporate Policy*), he published this summer by Methuen) "Producers interests almost always dominate consumer interests." Reflecting on a decade of efforts by six different ministers to get a competition policy through parliament, Stanbury observes, "Business in a pressure group was able to delay the High-

lights, split it to pieces and make it more unworkable and less productive of consumer interests."

The Consumers' Association of Canada has been an effective lobby for tougher laws on hazardous household products and is currently being courted by Consumer and Corporate Affairs Minister Tony Abbott. But with its headquarters' resources devoted to publishing a consumers magazine, the association is a disorganizer to officials who favor more government action. There is an additional perceptual problem in that Abbott is a former Rasmussen associate and, as a past president of the Retail Council, was a harsh critic of the competition policy he now sponsors. Already he has modified a bill on borrowing and savings after listening to pressure from bankers and major lenders, and backed off mandatory rank standards for new cars when the industry resisted.

The absence of an important lobby representing nonmonopolistic interests in this, the bigger game in the Ottawa scene today. There is the National Anti-Poverty Organization for the poor people, but it is grossly underfunded and its executive director, Marlene Harding, is a one-woman band. Andy Roman, formerly a lawyer with the Consumers Association, has recently established the Public Interest Advocacy Centre to represent causes before various regulatory agencies. His most prominent vote was advocating the interests of consumers during hearings on the 516 contraceptive appliance by Bill C-60 for a rate increase. Again, Roman operates on a shoestring with one secretary and the consumer affairs department, which gave the centre a \$300,000 grant last year. He has told him to look for funding elsewhere.

In short, many lobbyists are motivated on behalf of worthwhile programs, and many lobbies are well-funded, well-organized, and well-advised, but the two phenomena which make the Mark more requests, as in the case of the gun lobby, a special interest group wants to political connections and organizational clout to promote legislative changes that are at best dubious, and at worst suspect. If politics is the art of the possible, lobbying is the art of getting the odds to make the possible too probable. □

Sail on, O Lip of State

As diplomats go, Andrew Young doesn't

By William Lowther

Andy Young is leaning back with his feet stretched out on a groovy off-white sectional sofa. We are in the family room of his townhouse on a discreet backwater of Washington's Capitol Hill. His handsome face is lit with a touch of somatic class from the way he sits on the bridge of his nose; it still glimmers from a tennis game. He seems completely relaxed in a rooming white sweat shirt and baggy blue slacks. He is at ease, looking forward to a trip into Africa, and there may be some hint of what makes him tick: like a time bomb.

Andrew Jackson Young Jr. may be one of the most powerful black men in America. Right now, at the United States ambassador to the United Nations, he has more political clout than any other black in America. He could make it all the way if his glibness, arrogant and raucous candor doesn't bring him down.

The second wife, Lowkey and appealing to a southern ear. It is not the Georgia devil of Jimmy Carter, nor is there any trace of a Mississippi white. It is sophisticated New Orleans. We go through his life and career and hopes. But Andy Young doesn't chat, doesn't hold a conversation, there is no trace of humor, he preaches. Maybe it's a holdover from his days as a Congregational minister. Maybe it's a result of his single-minded ambition. Everything is so clear cut, to black and white. Right or wrong. You wonder how he makes his decisions, and then he analyzes one of the biggest decisions of his life. "Before I met my wife," he says. "I wanted her to be a doctor and now her sense of mission continues on the wall and also a Ronald Reagan Version of the Bible that had been adorned with marginal notes. And I'd never met a woman who had an interest in religion and athletics. I think I decided I was going to marry her before I met her, just on the basis of these two things."

Now it is hard to locate in on something like that. It seems unfair. The story should be dismissed as anecdotal, without significance, possibly even apocryphal. But still it says as much as anything. For even allowing for euphemism by exaggeration, it was made with enough conviction to indicate a curious empirical streak—being a good scientist and reading the Bible, naturalistic though these qualities may be, are at least as best when presented as qualifications for the perfect bride. Nevertheless, no one would take much notice of the love if there was not further evidence of Ambassador Young using the same kind of thought process in international affairs. As it happens, it worked well in choosing a wife—



Young with his "good friend" Jimmy Carter. President may be having trouble living with him, but can he live without him?

he and Jean have a good marriage—but the signs for an success in surviving to grapple with the problem of war, South Africa are something else. In fact, it could get a lot of people killed. Which brings us to the dangerous state of him. To understand that one must know his background.

He power hate his boss more than 20 years in the making. It is solid. He can deliver. By using it aggressively, he has established a unique symbiotic friendship with the President of the United States. Andy Young is 45. He is the eldest son of a middle-class New Orleans dentist. A child

of both the Depression and the Jazz Age, he was shielded from both. There is some Indian blood in the family and his light skin and sweet-toothed nature made him a target for his blacker, more astute, childhood contemporaries. Given the choices they used to beat him up. From this he learned his diplomatic—appropriately in the boxing ring. Andrew senior was the teacher. "The South was a good bad when I was growing up. My father was always out to be very calm and reasonable about everything. He'd say, 'When you get into a difficult situation, get a man. Don't react emotionally, think things through.' We used to box a lot as kids. When he and I were sparring, he'd always slap me around a little bit, sort of testing me and in a way



teaching me to control my temper. The harder I swung, the more emotional I got, and the harder he hit me. And pretty soon I began to slow down and think about how I was going to deal with the situation."

His father wanted him to be a dentist and "tailed him off" when he went to the priesthood. But Young was a rebel! He finished and graduated from Hartford (Connecticut) Theological Seminary to minister in a series of small southern towns. In 1954 he said his with moved to New York where he landed a job with the National Council of Churches, but it seemed to be leading nowhere and in the spring of 1961 he made the big jump out of full-time religion into civil rights as a staff organizer in Atlanta with the Southern Christian Leadership Conference.

His boss was Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. In a matter of months he was King's top aide. Throughout the nation States, Young marched through the hot spots for integration and being and a fast deal in any price. King was always up front, jailed, beaten and beat down a score of times. Young was ordered to stay further back. After any force assigned by King it was Young's job to negotiate and work out a deal, letting black kids into white schools or making room in the front of the bus. Three times he was thrown in jail. Four years later, when Dr. King was assassinated, Andy Young realized that it was time for him to move into active politics.

In 1970 he ran for Congress in Georgia against a segregationist, and lost badly. Two years later after the district had been reapportioned—it is now 10-40 white to black—he ran again and won. The first black man to be elected from House race 1971. On Capitol Hill Young became a whistle-blower, a wily fighter, a colorful congressman. He was the only member of the black caucus to vote for Gerald Ford's confirmation as vice-president, a debt Ford paid off last year when Alabama (part of Young's constituency) received a billion dollars in federal funds.

There is something thing happened Sunday January Carter, one-term Governor of Georgia, began to emerge. Not spring as a leading Democratic candidate for the presidency of the United States. At first Young was wary of Carter, because he was too conservative. Until February of last year, they were no more than political acquaintances. But then the Congressmen had to make his choice from six weeks of Democratic presidential candidates. "My intuition," he recalled, "was to go with one of the conventional liberals, like Mike Udell. But I figured it wouldn't work unless the party could get rid of George Wallace and hold onto the South. I concluded that Jimmy Carter could do that for us by beating Wallace on his own turf." Young signed on with the Carter campaign for the Florida primary early. Arguing that Florida could prove to the nation that "a new

South really does exist." If he blanketed the state, talking to blacks and liberals from Tallahassee to Miami. Carter beat Wallace, knocking the Alabama governor out of presidential politics and establishing himself as the early front-runner. After that, Carter and Young held a series of long policy sessions at the posh farm in Plains and Young emerged a convinced Democrat. From spring through fall Young campaigned in 17 states, calling on his own special charisma to pull in the black vote. He worked with a singleness. When the polling stations closed last November 2, Carter had won 51% of the nation's black vote. It put him over the top in at least five states and arguably won him the election.

Perhaps more than any other single individual Andy Young pushed Jimmy Carter into the White House. Like Gerald Ford before him, Carter now owed a debt to the black congressmen. First came praise and closeness from the President's circle. "Andy Young is one of my best friends," he said. And added "He is the finest elected official I have ever known." Second came the job. He appointed Young as U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations with cabinet status, a salary of \$15,300 a year, plus \$40,000 congressional allowance, and perquisites including an official residence on the 64th floor of the Waldorf Towers. Not everyone, however, was pleased with the payoff. An influential black jour-

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not commented. "There are blacks who say I'm in Africa. I mean, and at what he's doing. And in Africa, everybody loves him. But the feeling is that he's not standing up to Carter." Julian Bond, a Georgia state senator and Carter's strongest critic, adds: "In supporting Carter, Andy should have gone even further. He did. This was called 'those young blacks all along when Andy was going out on a limb for Carter. What was said was—'What is he getting in return?'—not for himself, but for the black community, in return for this crucial support. The answer was that he didn't get what he gave."

Nevertheless, it took no time at all for Ambassador Young to establish himself as possibly the most extraordinary diplomat ever to represent the United States at the United Nations. His govt. has already paid of political enemies. But to President Carter himself, he is the most vocal, the most controversial and the most trusted member of the new administration. Ambassador Young needs the spotlight with his style and interests. But they lack substance. Does not seem to bother him. While President Carter bemoans of an open door administration the way, say that Young practices open-mouth diplomacy.

He embarked on his history of diplomatic trips in late January by declaring that his first mission was a "searching conference" in Angola. Official U.S. policy calls for Carter to remove all U.S. forces from Africa, so the ambassador's new came to a halt in Washington where it was hastily "cancelled." The echoes of dissent had barely dampened when Young did it again. This time he suggested that U.S. troops might go to Rhodesia in part of a peacekeeping force. Before Congress had a chance to check in on the matter, the idea was quietly shelved as a plan was "workable." A couple of days after that Young said, "No one has any confidence in the British to work out a solution to Rhodesia." Again, this is contrary to Washington policy which places almost total dependence on the British in Rhodesia. The remark was allowed to fade in embarrassed silence.

It had not quite gone away, however, when Brady Young, a 49-year-old former Methodist missionary in Latin America, whom Young had named as his representative to the Human Rights Commission in Geneva, read a scathing statement to the assembly. In it he expressed, the "profound regret" for the role he said the United States had played in "the subversion of the previously democratically elected government of Chile." Young, of course, had no authority whatever to apologize on behalf of the United States and President Carter was forced to respond with a retort. Young had just been taking a leaf from his book and speaking the truth. The disaster was spreading. But Young had expected vengeance. He broke out again soon after by saying that the British was "a little chicken" on racial issues.



Young working to find out if he works in Africa, it'll work in South Africa, right?

and further that "they almost are called racism." Not surprisingly, few noticed. Britain's Ambassador to the UN called Young a "foolish person." "You are not a congressman or a preacher—here you speak for your government," said an angry Richard. When he saw Young had written a formal letter of apology, The President had to apologize as well.

Young's race piffle came when he was asked if the South African government was "illegitimate." He replied, "Yeah." This one really started a row. Young added to it by commenting later, "I hate adding to do with the South African government." The South Africans were not amused. They demanded clarification. Secretary of State Cyrus Vance called Young to say that he had misinterpreted American foreign policy and that issued a formal statement saying "We regret in no way regard the South African government as 'illegitimate.'" A few more days and Andy opened up again. This time he said the Ambassador of the Jews returned here of Kof Klex Kim (hated of blacks) Ambassador An Humand of the United Arab Emirates visited Young. He explained, "All the Arabs differentiate between Zionism and Judaism. We consider Judaism a sacred religion as we do Islam and Christianity. Zionism is the movement to create a Jewish homeland in Palestine." Twenty Arab on duty, of course, complained to the state department and Young asked forgiveness, saying that he was new, ignorant and learning.

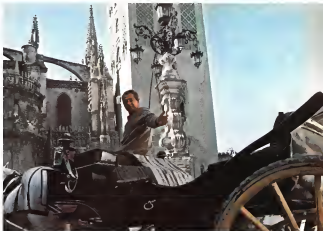
John had without a doubt a record performance. In one 12-week period, the Ambassador made an major diplomatic blunder—twice if you count him as responsible for the Chile apology, and many do. Some of those along Embassy Row in Washington say that Andrew

Young is a diplomacy what Idi Amin is to democracy. Some diplomats agree that he is a rabidly using the forum to keep his name in the news.

There is probably not another man alive who could have gotten away with it. A new president like Jimmy Carter would have stood for it from one side. Every one in Washington, apart from the White House where it matters, is saying that Andrew Young has to go. He is a disaster. He has no understanding that, as an ambassador, he speaks for the United States and can't speak off his private opinions. His credibility is pitifully low. The most difficult case in point is South Africa. Young says in terms of the old South. Apartheid is really the same to him as the segregation within Dixie. And he moonlights "peaceful protest." He goes young blacks from the impression that he—and then, they think, America—behind them if they follow the old Martin Luther King methods of marches and sit-ins.

Which recalls that imperial streak Young demonstrated with his study of the swimming certificate, his Bible, and his marriage proposal. This time a definitely doesn't add up. So on and on and on. The remarks are much different from those in Selma. When violence erupts in South Africa, blacks are killed at a rate that is perhaps with this in mind that the President decided, soon after the "illegitimate" goat, to name Vice-President Walter Mondale as the man officially in charge of formulation of an African policy. The hope is that Young will now keep silently quiet on the subject. Indeed the move, although it has been denied, can be interpreted as Carter's last attempt to subdue if not to silence his ambassador. Over the years, the job of U.S. Ambassador to the UN has changed. Traditionally a task of high diplomacy and career status, it has become a stepping stone to

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elusive political office. Of course that is as quiet as the way Young sits in his family room with the big color television showing *The Six Million Dollar Man* in the background, he was feeling philosophical. "I see my role somehow as a bridge between the most powerful nation in the world and the smaller nations."

But isn't all the controversy which surrounds you counterproductive, I ask. "Not at all," he says. And adds "I have found extremely helpful I can't be a traditional diplomat, making speeches just from Washington. The very fact that I have continued to be the same type of person that I was maintains my credibility politically."

Because I am very blunt and straightforward with my colleagues at the UN, I find that I can maintain the respect of Israelis and Arabs alike, and in spite of all I've maintained fairly good relations with the Black African states and the South African and Europeans."

He can't be serious about good relations with the Arabs and South Africans. "I'm not saying that that are untrue. When you talk about things as they are, naturally are, people who know the truth say well, maybe we will be able to expect from the United States the kind of leadership we used to get."

Well, maybe, but has there been any

word from Washington to tell if I think the state department in the lower levels gets very uncomfortable with the style, and so they advise it. But they're very—I don't know... they are disturbed by it. When things happen naturally, because things just aren't done that way, and it's not that they say I shouldn't do it or that I'm wrong, they just get... they panic. And usually it takes care of itself in a day or so. The President has done nothing but encourage me, almost too much."

So far Canada seems to have enjoyed his attention. "Ambassador [William] Bennett and the Canadian delegation have been extremely helpful and we've worked very closely together. We find that we agree politically more between the United States and Canada's than, say, many of the other Western nations. Canada has a very critical role in the politics because they are a nation with all of the volume and abilities technologically of the so-called superpowers. And yet, because they are not as extremely rich as the emerging military powers, they can function—I mean people kind of listen to them when they might be threatened by us. Canada took a very enlightened position on Cuba and Vietnam and in a way Canada has done all of the things that the United States should have been doing."

Because of his special relationship with the President, Ambassador Young is free to do as he pleases about anything he wants. But the succession could turn hectic. When Carter talks of Young being one of his "best friends" you cannot suspect the remark lightly. The imagery would be all wrong. They are in no way old pals.

I asked Young how he sees his own future. He smiled. "I never think beyond the job that I'm doing. When I was with the civil rights I never thought about running for Congress. When I was in Congress I never thought of a job like this. I only don't think about anything else. There's nothing else that I'm interested in."

Well, what about the White House? He raised the peak of his voice to say "I wouldn't trade the White House for this, certainly I wouldn't trade the Vice-Presidency for this. I'm still trying out my ideas and I can try them out at the UN without any much being at stake."

At least he admits that he is in training for something else, trying out his ideas. The most likely scenario for his future is that after a respectable period, perhaps a year, the President will name a cabinet replacement. Young will be "years old" out of his job into a top cabinet post where he will be more easily contained.

And then in the long run, if he learns to hold his tongue? The smart money says Jimmy Carter is going to lead 1980 when Walter Mondale will be in a strong position to take over. Andy Young will be needed again but his price will be much higher and the country will be ready for its first black vice-president. After that it's up to Andy. ☐

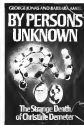


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By Tom Hopkins

[illegible]

While we talk, the Parks' beaver-tailed cypress planter of a flowering black and white iris opens in the corner. Lyle Pop, on a lunchbreak from his more recent barbe-

Like many punkish Verlaine's in direction to the new wave was criticism because a poetry published as little as names and a fondness for the surreal. York underground himself of the late 1960s the Velvet Underground. The latter movement held him for a while but the awareness of mass audience and volume led to form Verlaine in 1974. The band the most extravagantly decadent of French Symbolist poets, developed a musical direction that must punk be leading to a lessening praise first album which Verlaine's little musician

537 48

TRAVIS, WHITE VIRGINIA
STATE CAPITAL - 2008

Abstract

[illegible]

times as the *Leaky Show*, and Fred and Yvonne's H&B. Kessell's debriant and a H&B Angel or two completed the tableau. In addition, there was a large contingent of suburban Long Island and New Jersey high school seniors and their dates dressed in the strains of pandemonium blind for the benefit. With the exception of a couple of hands training Europe, everyone else in New York was there and the fans cheered like gods at a football banquet as each turn was announced. They were homers and the hands on stage at Cibo's were family. The feeling was inescapable. This was CE.

[illegible]

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^a Double Digests: Mock; Inf; C-30428 ($10^{7.5}$ c.f.u./C-30); Used for sequencing.[illegible]

In Canada, punk has taken root only in Toronto. Vancouver tends toward mainstream rock and the only local band with punk tendencies, Sweeney Todd, dropped the association according to its manager as soon as punk took on "its present connotations." Montreal suffers

If the North American version of punk sometimes seems more coldly intellectual than the visceral street-fighting thrash of the British, it is also equally sincere. British punks are arguably more sincere in their devotion to the "punk rock" ethos. A certain scornful cynicism about the world permeated with lyrics that wistfully insist a return to alleyway trysters and harmonica fishery. But for the others, whether it's a reaction to the dire reorganization of the country or a rejection of the "punk rock" services, what sexuality there is revolves around the late-Seventies era's counterculture-punk fashion and music, which has emerged in everything from Iggy Azalea's "Punk" to rockabilly covers in the last year and so on. "I've been listening to a lot of trawls of punk," I hear up in my friend, everybody beats up their girl friends and they like it," says musician Memphis-brother-tiger Alex Chivvis. "The Brits are confused about it, but it's not like we're not into it. It's sort of gay." Some punkers say that S&M are just a fad, that nobody really sees those things. Say Britain disagrees. "Our perspective was to get burned with cigarettes and beat with gay rollers," the 20-year-old, blonde-haired, green-haired, and freckled one of the duo says.

In Toronto a few high schoolers' Nani Dug (H. land singer of Tsawwassen's) came along, attractive to the school rockers, the semi-professional Videotones, is standing on stage of the parish. Probably Tula's high school, obviously getting his hair and hair with black necker (finger) fluffing it up for that straight-up-on-top spiked look favored by the English punks. Around his neck are three heavy Tula necks on a dog chain and a large surgical bandage is affixed around around his left lower arm. He is wearing a black T-shirt and straight black pants. Herred mark of Seven but he hasn't used his family name since his wealthy, alcoholic father drove him out of the house. In the

Verlaine (top), Chiron, Myers, Bitts, and Zane (centre), and six more Park tax at CESA's devotion for the hell of it

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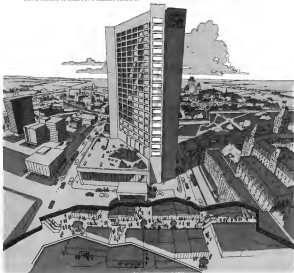
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Vilcoxon's third public performance. The act begins with a blurt of keening feedback and it's clear that the Vilcoxon (Dey, said his friends, Pompey, 24, guitar, Moror Mike 22, drums, Chris Hale, 24, bass) will be intensely popular. The guitar amplifiers blow out in the set and bass and lead guitars are forced to play out of one strange way speaker, hopelessly emulating the already barely conscious, red-room quality of the sound. But it doesn't matter the Dey is the show. His influence is huge and with all the evidence pointing out of a discipline he goes to work, mock-outing Freddy Pompey during a song called *Dog*. So he barrels into the audience like a pyrotechnic Paul Anka to scorch obscenities at fans who happily respond by spitting beer in his face. All commerce in hamburgers and drinks has stopped as a waitress and management alike have the rabble at the side of the stage clapping and shaking their joint buttoned hands at the singer and the thundering gale of sound. The Dey pulls out a small Neuman mic as he sings *Revolution* *Blowdown*. *War*. *Mr. God* smashes a beer glass and drops the shattered handle slowly up and down his forearm. Blood leaks out from the four-inch wound and drips down to his fingers. The crowd of perhaps 75 surely worn, both and out students with shaggy black hair and Fanny Dey ("Am-bulance chosen," sniffs one jaded observer) are organic, howling and yelling, suffering the forearms in mock fascist salute, sacrificing middle-class deacons to the desert of teen-age frustration. After the wounding, beer bottles with the Dey's fists obliged to dance in one motion, like a clasp-a-ly as a Fifteen that party) are snatched from his hands by quick moving equipment men and shattered glass is picked from the stage but not before his knees are opened on the upturn. Shortly after the Dey leaves the stage after the last song, the club manager coughs the next night's scheduled performance. "The crowd," was his only reason. "I don't like the crowd."

Because of the raging excess of the Dead Boys Sex Pistols and Vilcoxon, and because at its best, it succeeds in capturing the raw, formless excitement of early rock and roll, punk, though still small in record sales, has become exponentially in fashion. Ch-ch London fashion designer Zandra Rhodes is selling punk inspired jewelry with cutting holes, rips and beaded safety pins for \$600 in Bloomington.

In New York, punk is a growth industry. Bitty Krystal is preparing for a large showcase theatre to present acts that have outgrown his Bowery bar, two new clubs have opened recently downtown and over on Bowler Street, The Village Gate jazz institution in Greenwich Village for 20 years, will soon open its doors seven days a week to the rambling angst of punk rock. Club owner Art D'Lagoff gestures vaguely in the direction of the noisy and polluted street. "It's the times." ◇

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The Golden Baugh

Winning isn't everything. Endorsements are

By Michael Posner

From the 13th-floor windows of One Erieview Plaza, the parking lot below to stretch infinitely. Cars stand like bubbles on a sea of concrete, shimmering in the heat of May. A dark car wanders in and whips itself against those bubbles. From the 13th floor one can watch the afternoon traffic thread through city streets, a ritual made that will lead to Shaker Heights or Pepper Pike and other clean, quiet suburban suburbs. This in Cleveland, U.S.A., rare carborne on the lower lip of Lake Erie.

By an accident of history, Cleveland is the home of Mark H. McCormack's International Management Group (IMG), a honeycomb of 16 companies devoted to marketing and merchandising some of the world's most athletes (and in 13 floors and a million miles around from the north-bank city below. Its white, push-button telephones are more likely to ring with calls from London or Buenos Aires than from Cleveland. On the 13th floor, large, color-coded wallboards chart the week-by-week whereabouts of Bjorn Borg and the Motown Red Rover and John Newcombe. At McCormack's desk, files of by-logic marketing graduate boys with calculators tapping out the rhythm of international cash flows and plotting the strategies of deferred income. McCormack himself, lawyer turned conglomerate, is on the road two days out of three getting from Pacific Beach to Hugo Boss, dropping in at the two-weekly Challenge of Zions, hammering out contracts for TV tennis endorsements and personal appearances that last year grossed two \$30 million. Famed and respected as the most powerful figure in professional sport, McCormack, 46, is the man who transformed Arnold Palmer into a legend, insured Jack Nicklaus toward his first million and alchemized Jean-Claude Killy's Olympic gold medals into an instant two-million-dollar fortune. It's likely more than 15 of you he has put together a stable of 150 thoroughbred athletes that makes any company's clientele look like mice at Aunt Lucy's farm. And somewhere along the way, in one of his routine acts of marketing genius, McCormack turned an unknown 16-year-old amateur golfer into the richest woman in professional golf history.

Laura Zisner Baugh—the middle name derives from her grandfather's mother, a full-blooded Swiss who lived to 100—is 32 now. Thanks to her association with him, she is also a woman of property. In four years she has grossed more than a million dollars—off the pro tour—praising



Baugh as calendar art (above) and golfer (below) wait, she does have nice teeth

her name to everything from three-arms to mayonnaise. Were one stood by the tape, it would be possible to wait up in the morning to a Laura Baugh alarm clock, check the date on a Laura Baugh soap calendar, break one's teeth with a Laura Baugh-promoted toothpaste (Ultra-White), apply a Laura Baugh-promoted hand lotion (Rouge), put on a fashionable Laura Baugh golf outfit (her David Crystal line of shorts, shirts, tops and skirts grossed almost five million dollars last year), ride to the golf course on a Laura Baugh-promoted convertible (Scout) and play 18 holes with a Laura Baugh line of golf equipment (Wilson). In Japan, where the make-up behind Arnold Palmer and the best-known American athlete, one could also relax by listening to Laura Baugh sing in Japanese. If only English phonetically by listening to Laura Baugh chatter, watch



The Most Beautiful Golfer a Laura Baugh TV series in which she pulls squares and wenders, and up a Laura Baugh-promoted soft drink.

In a world not made with celebrity endorsement, marketing maneuvers of this kind no longer seem remarkable. On any given Sunday afternoon in America, it's touchdowns plus or a winning cross-country relay or a 35-foot eagle putt can turn ordinary muscle fiber into heroic issue. Then, quicker than you can say headline of champions, the heroism becomes shabby, hardly-matched spectacle for after-dinner and semi-casual purveyors of dog-food and decadence. As a result, they do not consider them their performance on the playing field. America believes in its winners.

But all of that only makes what Mark McCormack has done for Baugh the more impressive. For after four years on the Ladies Professional Golf Association tour, after more than 300 golf tournaments, Laura Baugh has won it all. She has placed second six times, and she has earned more prize money to qualify for an American Express card, but she has never won. Not once. And at least one school of opinion believes the never will.

It hardly matters. That Laura Baugh is a good but not great golfer has almost nothing to do with her ability to sell nothing. Her popularity at home and abroad does not depend on the accuracy of her race track. It rests instead on what every woman wants and few—on the preoccupation with good looks. Laura Baugh has them in spades. She is the girl you'd like the girl next door to be. Her teeth are white, her hair is blond and her golden brown body is a paragon of health. She has a dulled smile that would have dazzled Caligula. Her laugh is California—warm and sunny and soiling is genuine cheer. Her trim five-foot-four, 110-pound figure, which a men's magazine once offered to photograph, has more white curves than the prize at Augusta National. It is down to her advantage on her own golf course, a stylish array of pastel shades that prompts its designers to accuse her with opposing lines such as "Think of your color." To see her, a brief thing of nice proportions, a Black American, is not out wherever she plays in pro comment on, among other things, the way she hits a golf ball.

With her galleries—consistently the largest on the tour—she is neither merely cute. Tom Waiskopf's on-tightest club (let Trevison) not translated (like Ann Shephard). She will converse, answer questions, sign autographs, verbally applaud her opponent's shots and generally behave as though tournament play were a disruption, the expected and not an exercise in which the future of the fine world issue. Remember that she is small—compared to the deplorable shapes that commonly stalk the LPGA tour—and she will correct you. "No, actually I'm quite big. I just look small."

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golf team. At 18, she became the youngest golfer ever to win the U.S. women's amateur title. Inevitably, her performance captured imaginations: one did not have to be a Harvard man to see the commercial potential of her good three-woods and iron better, her smile. A friend advised McCormick to sign her up. He did—to a handshake contract that gave him 20% of whatever Laura Baugh earned on and off the course. "It was really a question of who reached us first," says Sally Baugh. "We had Mark, but we needed the money so bad we'd have signed with anyone."

Two years at 17 is hardly for the weak. Baugh was shipped off to Japan for the World Ladies Open. The Japanese took one look and went gaga. "I don't think Mark really had any idea of what would happen," says vice-president Hughes Norton, who corrects Baugh's personal schedule and the police line that crisscross "We certainly didn't think she'd make a million dollars in her first five years. The amount Japan was offering, Gosh was bonkers in Japan, and there was a cute little girl who could swing the ball and who had a name they pronounced. Rella Baugh. Imagine, you could never meet her. Dave Eisenhower once there."

Baugh made more money in the Far East than she had in the States. She was paid that spring that most women prize money and your Secretary of State signed for golf balls, golf shoes, golf gloves, all paid handsome royalties. Rolex and Suzuki wanted her endorsements. "It was like a flood of funds," remembers 1965's Japanese co-champion Hideo Kanda. "The first time she landed in Japan, she was in one direction, the whole flock follows."

Back in America, Colgate hired Laura to bring around the annual Dwyer Short season. Ultra-fine, taped-up eye figures to have Laura Baugh look perfectly at ease. It was a young, upstart product for young, upstart people and you can't get much younger or more upstart than Laura Baugh, explains young, upstart Colgate senior product manager George Katz. When caught Spelling taking her reputation there in the United States. They signed her to a two-year contract for—in Norton's words—"tens of millions of money they had suddenly won out as a serious business investment." Baugh was to give a press conference in Chicago to announce the signing. It was meeting Laura in person for the first time. I found her at the airport, sitting in the baggage claim area, the most tentative, bewildered person you've ever seen. Laura, in Atlanta, she had to rent a car. She didn't know the first thing about how to do it. She was so... innocent.

No more. Laura Baugh may still look 18, but she's 32. After four years on the traveling circuit known as the U.S. tour, she has become that dubious cliché, a seasoned veteran. She can sit at a bar or beg a jet phone as fast as she can throw an underarm curve. Still, it is a solitary life. Though she has friends on the circuit



Baugh hitting a two shot in the Lady Pepsi Classic ready to win the game

(among them Canada's Sandra Palmer, Baugh travels more and—frequently—does alone. She telephones her mother once a week. Her closest contacts are Hughes Norton and two vice-presidents Alvin Johnson who administers her financial affairs. Says Johnson, "She'll call on a personal line at night, addresses some minor point and end up talking for half an hour. Sometimes I just think she's lonely." Her Cho-ward winning Ultra-fine commercial (Chorus: Here's your love, love Laura Baugh) She'll, what's love like? may not be far off the mark. The men in her life—golfers Betty Cole and Wayne Dent mostly meet by telephone.

"Loneliness," she says, "is the worst part, especially when you've been wearing a golf course and then going back to the hotel room to be by yourself. Ordering up dinner from room service. Tell me how bad that is. When I was there, going to be one back of a party."

The tenth annual Lady Tour Classic, once known as the Lady Pepsi Classic, is being held the first week of May at the Brookfield West Golf and Country Club, 23 miles north of Atlanta. Brookfield West is a luxury residential compound of 150,000 acres, protected from what its promoters like to call "the intrusion of daily life" by a 24-hour security blanket. At Brookfield West, the literature trumpets: "Families of some means live, play and communicate with kindred spirits amid an atmosphere of gracious elegance." Moving in during the day, says the brochure, is a Georgia place where you'll see that seem perpetually blue. When Americans talk about the south as the quality of life in the Southeast, they are not talking about Brookfield West.

Laura Baugh comes to Atlanta in good spirits. She feels a certain kinship with the city it is where she first qualified for the

tour and where, on two occasions, she came close to winning. She is interpreting a visit from her father, whom friends now describe as "someone she sees every day one week a year and never speaks to the other 51." It is at times a strained relationship—personally because of Baugh's stronger loyalty to her mother and professionally because she rejects her father's view that her golf swing needs improvement and that her professional services are keeping her from reaching her peak. "It happened to Arnold Palmer too," says Hale Baugh. "It's tough, not for a young girl to build up a fortune on her own and in real good of her. But all those commercial sessions are I suppose to be strong on the tour as she might be."

In fact, Baugh has prudently ordered her clubbing schedule. She now takes a week off in every five, and won't do promises as to a tournament week. But she needs not be encouraging. After eight wins, tournaments she is owed with the list of actual money winners, almost precisely where she finished in 1976. When the golf world is giving trophies, important for a victory. Her caddy, Chick Muscato, who earns \$175 a week plus 5% of her tour earnings, complains that "Laura is too nice. She looks the killer around. She'll always say 'Nice shot' to other girls. She shouldn't even be thinking of their shots. Two mistakes, outside. There may be something on that." Hughes Norton says, "Some of the winners are pretty tough. I think the last time Sandra Palmer said 'Nice shot' to anyone she was 11 years old."

Baugh herself insists that "if you have to be mean to win, I don't want to win. I want to be confident and aggressive, but I don't want to beat the other girls. I want to win on my own. If another girl makes a good putt, I'll say 'Good putt.' That's just the way I am."

But others contend Baugh is too busy selling toothpaste and conducting golf "clams" for Ford dealers at \$5,800 a day. The 10 extra pounds she could use on the

Think of the word 'international'. Now think of the word 'class'. Put them together and you have the new Diplomat, available in 2-door Specialty Hardtop and classy 4-door Sedan. Better re-think your definitions of beauty and luxury.

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"If your Prince Igor Screwdriver isn't perfect, check the orange juice."

from *Thomas Miano* (dividers last) we still care about quality

your career have been tied in the manner of the TV camera. And, of course, resist the suggestion "We've always believed that the confidence of the occasional one-day contract. All the income and cash flow should help her win," says Norton.

"Laura's playing with loose money. It's bad even before she steps on the ice. That can't do anything but help her win."

Acutely conscious of these undercurrents, Baugh seems torn between desire to silence her detractors and a knowledge that winning just once won't do it. "Winning once is a fluke, like a hole in one. You've got to win more than once. In any case I think I'm still a few years away from my prime. Look at Debi Nova—10 years on the tour before her win at the

Wynn. I'm only 22. That's still younger than most of the girls who join the tour."

It is younger, for example, than Ann Stephenson, with whom Baugh is paired on the first day of the Lady Tera Classic. The pairing is ironic. Stephenson has recently revealed her account with out-of-control gambling—in Jack Nicklaus had a decade earlier—just Mark McCormack was not doing enough for her last year. Stephenson won two tournaments earned \$48,837 and a generally conceded a separate golfer. But Laura earned more money off the course. It rumbles. Dating 18 holes

Baugh and Monesterre representing the 18th greens and Lady Tera. Baugh's hole-in-one after her final putt. Just a bit too late?



of play they exchange barely a dozen words. Stephenson shoots a no-wonder-gut 71 on a hole better than Laura's. "Hit my mind go!" Baugh says later. "I was two under par after nine holes and I just let it go." Her first round 71 hit her confidence, but from contention. Despite final rounds of 73 and 69 she finishes 18th and wins \$900. The victory party is postponed for another week.

Win or lose, Laura Baugh will generate \$250,000 in extraordinary revenue in 1977. If the 10-gutts away every other great it won't make any difference. Win or lose she will continue to travel first class, be given tournaments drive her new silver Thunderbolt around the palm-dotted boulevards of Florida, relax in either of her condominium homes in Palm Springs, Calif. in Delray Beach, Fla. and occasionally exorbitant long-distance bells calling friends and relatives across the country. Win or lose, her endorsement income, which alone yields a six-figure income, will continue to raise the kind of resident Royal Wulfs might get by strolling in a halter top through a pool room. Win or lose she will still be able to walk into the lobby of the postcard hotel, the Grand Central Bank to examine her stock and bond certificates held-in-your-hand evidence of what her money has bought her. In short, Laura Baugh's economic future is assured, flowing in a confluence of endorsements, golf divined TV ad sales and revenues that will make her a millionaire long before she turns 30.

"Laura wouldn't like to think so," says Hughes Norton. "But I don't think it matters, be it five ever wins a tournament. Her income doesn't depend on winning any more than winning, at this stage, would add significantly to her income."

If financial security breed confidence, Laura Baugh might be excused for never spending another hour on the practice tee. Instead, the money and renown have strengthened her resolve to win. She is so determined to justify her wealth "I thought to win. I've never hit the ball better or been in better shape. I'll win. I don't know when or where, but I'll win. I'll win when I'm ready to win. I'll just a matter of time."

Could be. A great many people would certainly be happy if a very nice girl from California, a girl with a pretty face and a winning smile, could pass the only test pro golf regards as important: a tournament. When she does, she would encounter on the 18th floor of the Emerson Plaza will cheer open-mouthed long into the night. Mike and Sally Baugh will share a victory or two of a 22-year marriage that went somehow very but produced a champion. And Laura Elizabeth Baugh, 22, who in her best finish on the tour last year placed fourth and still earned \$250,000, will break open a bottle of Dom Perignon and, in a moment of reflection, contemplate the celebrity that is now hers. □

The World

Nobody likes a troublemaker, but some countries show it more than others

Gjosez Anshuk, the wild girl from Kuznetsov, a dissident Soviet writer married to the equally dissident writer Andrei Amalrik, made a last in her first taste of Western civilization. All those postulates displaying their wares in Amsterdam's red light district—"It's pure degradation for the female sex," she said, dark eyes flashing, "and I could not believe my eyes when I saw that place trading an advertisement for Durex [a European alternative to Russian]... such things are private."

That was in July last year, when the Amaliks emigrated to the Netherlands from Soviet Union after 13 years of terror, imprisonment, prison and harassment. Just short of a year later, they have apparently adjusted mightily successfully to the ways of the West is run. Andrei charges 300 German marks (about \$211) for an hour of his time, according to West German reporting colleagues, though it's a bit less demanding of the impoverished British. Gjosez has held an exhibition of her paintings which sold more on curiosity than artistic value.

The Amaliks have become, if you like, professional dissidents. Their defiance and oratory has a commercial value and they are asking it. They would argue, with some justification, that it is the only way to keep their heads above water until they have fully settled into a Western niche. But they and others like them are about to become the focal point of sharp controversy between West and East.

On June 15 the Helsinki review conference in Belgrade starts monitoring progress on the road to détente since the 15-nation agreement was signed in the Finnish capital last summer. Part of that agreement was a declaration on human rights, including the right to dissent, and the way dissidents are being treated in the Eastern bloc has been a sore subject with everyone from President Jimmy Carter downward in the West. Heckles rise when people there learn, as they did the other day, of the arrest of a leading Soviet Jewish dissident on espionage charges, which carry the threat of execution. But the Soviet Union argues that such as Anatoly Shcharansky, the man in question, are low on number and low anyway in publishing "violations of rights" in Russia. The West is mainly seeking to distract attention from equally serious violations in its own territory in-



Amalrik being run off Valery Ginzburg of Bulgaria's dissident press. His wife Gjosez (right), and Ginzburg's dissident wife (left) are also in the photo.

viating the right to work, social advancement and health protection.

The Russians also cite repression in Namibia and South Africa and they have a point. Apart from hundreds held in jail for offenses that have an underlying political grievance, there are, according to the Institute of Race Relations in Pretoria, at least 157 persons who are restricted in movement and activity as a result of political ac-

tion of a Soviet diplomat's courier.

The biggest difficulty is defining what makes a dissident. Dr. Mikhail Shleim was thrown out of the Soviet Union in March because he refused to try to persuade his sons not to emigrate to Israel. Shleim and his family are Jewish, but he has been a local Communist Party member since 1961. Today, under the protection of the Helsinki clause, his Jewish community the re-

fractory offered them asylum they feared the Czech authorities would seize the chance and throw them out for that they did not want. Prague Radio had one thing right, the true dissident is the one who fights it out on the Soviet front. Those who leave, as did Shleim and his sons, are the front men in the West. But it is those who stay behind who are doing all the suffering and getting some of the perks. And these can be enormous. Alexander Solzhenitsyn reported an income of \$320,000 and savings of \$1.4 million to the Swiss tax authorities in 1974, the year he was expelled from the Soviet Union.

The Charter 77 protest cost the group's spokesman, 66-year-old writer Jan Patocha, his life. After an interview with visiting Dutch Foreign Minister Man van der Stoep, a major diplomatic incident which rocked Czechoslovakia, Patocha was picked up by security police and, weakened by lengthy, agonizing interrogation, died in hospital. Official cause of death: a heart attack. In May Polish student Stanislaw Pyta, 23, was found dead, badly beaten. Pyta was a leading member of the Workers' Defense Committee, formed by a group of intellectuals to aid people jailed in connection with last summer's food price protests. The official cause of death was a fall down stairs while drunk. But Jan Rydzki, a committee spokesman, said it was murder. So did Pyta's fellow students in Katowice, who silently marched to his grave with burning torches. Thousands of people came out to mourn on the streets, drawing a death ritual in mud and oil. It was one of the few chances there have been since the food riots to gauge Polish rebel fervor.

These dissidents, too, in Romania and Yugoslavia—and in East Germany which has arguably the toughest Communist regime in Europe. But looking there is like looking your way through a rubber riot in the dark. Writers like Konrad Bielecki, Gerhard Wolf, Sarah Kirsch, Stephen Hermlin, Renner Kussner and Volker Braun have been put through the mill. The last man who became really dangerous, singer and poet Wolf Biermann, was thrown out and ghettoized last November because he had offended Communistism was a little too pure. Ironically, Biermann left West Germany 10 years ago baring with identity to help build what he saw as his homeland. He found it was a false paradise. Biermann got popular in a protest song and a song he was not allowed to sing in the East was recorded in West Germany and transported across the border by West German Radio and TV. So the East German press has him out, but on his heels, pop singer Nina Hagen, 23, who was bold enough to protest against an expulsion. Her mother was Biermann's cousin. The next thing to write was Thomas Brezina, 38, an official state writer of culture. He had had to do a copybook book in 1966 with a complaint against the Warsaw Pact invasion of Czechoslovakia.

Belinsky (left) and the right in Tredler Square arrested business

town under the sweeping Internal Security Act. South America offers the examples of Chile and Argentina where last March, writer Rodolfo Walsh was kidnapped by armed civilians after he had protested in the military junta about human rights abuses.

Because there is some justification on both sides the infighting in Belgium, which is likely to drag on for weeks (possibly with a conflict by created once or two), the Yugoslav capital is hot at this time of year and dissidents will want to summer break very very well home in on the dissidents. Such people as the Amaliks—Andrei has been dropped like a hot brick by the European left, and has set some sort of record in getting himself named from the doomsday of the Western leaders—may be

relies the survivors of appalling wartime persecution. Shleim is recovering slowly from the effects of three years in Russian work camps. He is still a Communist. What he is not, he says, is a dissident. That's what they all say.

Those Czechoslovaks who signed Charter 77 have left the full force of official disapproval. When Austria's Chavril

The Watusi Pass invasion began by changing their political problems on the other side of the political line. Mises, like Vladimir Bukovsky who suffered 11 harrowing years in jails and psychiatric clinics in Russia, and escaped death by a hair's breadth, still want to go back. No one will ever know how many have died. Andrei Andriko, 35-year-old Russian chicken world champion, was murdered last year here. His fellow Russian players have said a surprise, and reached the point where he refused to play the political comeback game that entered a particular Russian player the championship at the price of losing their lives. They passed a point here. Then there was Karen Beder, son of Yon Salomon who died in Russia, aged 36. Salomon, the author of *My War*, said, "My friends, He also had too many Western links."

But what to do of happy-go-lucky chicken champion Viktor Koshenko, second on the world list, who defected to the West last summer. He felt he was not a bird, saying he was sick of the spirit and Soviet bureaucracy and afraid that his journey to the West would come to an abrupt end. Today he is in a plain white Westwood coat, coach of the Dutch national team, and not in the least concerned with politics.

Can Koshenko be called a do-gooder? So many have been tagged recently under that one definition. The only real link between them is the desire to change something in the system under which they live, a system that has no room for those who diverge from the narrow road of orthodoxy as interpreted from state to state. But above all a do-gooder is an individual, not a collective term.

ISRAEL

Off-and-blundering

Nearly a month after the first plane was, the world to and angry about the surprise attack on Israel's territory of Israel. Israel, Begun, said, "It's not wrong, it's just a fact. Early first about the effect this would have on this nation's attempts to get a Middle East peace settlement were reinforced by some almost push-the-button state and by the larger—by the way, in a reported context (only half) because of the demand of the extreme anti-Lebanon border by Israeli troops. But the main reason for the dispute lies in the ongoing dispute about the personality and background of Begun, a former Israeli terrorist. Ben-Simon, in Jerusalem, looks at the state and said, "It is not a very degree a heavy degree in the military campaign and who, during a second time, is now busy carrying his legs over some Israeli's place in the world."

News of Meacham Begun's second visit to the executive one was, based by many Israeli on their own ideas on their way to spread Shalom (Peace) on the beaches at the left. Former defense minister Moshe Dayan, however, was in



Oh well, back to the bat droppings

In their sun-bathed Caribbean never-never land known to most map makers as the Turks and Caicos Islands (British Crown Colony population 76,000), seemingly things are rarely as bad as they seem. Indeed, even though the almost permanent Caribbean heat here, they are rarely what they seem at all. So, although the Honolulu C. W. "Lance" Maguire, a professor of Law from London, England, is Minister for Tourism and Development of the Islands and Resources, currently has a couple of fat files on his desk, the problems they describe prove, on inspection, to be almost as insubstantial as the dream Caribbean spoke of in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*.

Take, for example, the Great Treasure Hunt in which two rival American salvage teams—licensed by the Turks and Caicos government, the other by the Dominican Republic—are squabbling over an estimated \$20 million worth of goodies that went down with the *Nuestra Señora de la Concepcion* off the nearby,

measurably Silver Bank in 1661. On the face of it, this is the stuff of which other-never incidents are made, since the Dominican Republic disputes British sovereignty over the shoals and the enormous wealth (some put it as high as \$500 million) scattered over the seabed in the wreckage of two kinds of vessels that have foundered there.

It is a matter of record that at 22.30 hours on January 29, 1977, Maguire and his Corporate Staff of the Royal Turquoise Coast Police Force and in a converted, misspelled, the Bank, deliriously, by Florida under water, a planet Norman Scott (the treasure hunter with the British license) for the Silver Bank. It is also recorded that after solving the activities from the Big G, the last used by the rest of the Maguire and Bretherton (who actually left his file behind) boarded the vessel. They then formally presented the opposition a message, but D. Webster with a handwritten note asking him that Her Majesty's British and Caicos (sic) declined jurisdiction in the area.

From that moment, however, all has been anticlimax. The Big G claims to have discovered nine vessels to date, but none of these is the *Concepcion* and while

Webster's team now is escorted by a Dominican guard the Turks and Caicos government has notably failed to evacuate in land (I have it got one). So, no incident—unless you count the fact that Scott, outraged by what he sees as official apathy, is threatening to sue the Turks and Caicos government for breach of his salvage agreement.

Even the treasure, it seems, may be something of a mirage. Historians have assembled an unknown (but probably considerable) number of salvagers has picked over the *Concepcion's* remains since Sir William Pope returned to the wreck 46 years after it foundered and recovered about a quarter of its original cargo. The \$25 million figure, therefore, is a little on the high side.

As with treasure, so with the other matter as Maguire's desk, its title "The Golden Connection" turns out to deal with highly but false suggestions that The Turks and Caicos Islands should be adopted (taken over at perhaps too concrete a term) by Canada. The matter was first raised by federal air parliamentarian Mrs. Salomon in 1974, but nothing happened. Nothing happened again, when Heath Macquarie mentioned it in the House of Commons last November and—despite the adoption of a resolution favoring a "loose association" by the Turks and Caicos Assembly and a working body set up by Salomon's secretary, John Hartley (but none a friendly greeting from Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau)—nothing has happened since. Salomon is said to be bemoaning about the matter again, and the prospect of a closer link with the winds would become a lot more tempting if talk about all these came to something. But so far it hasn't. Nor has there been any about the establishment of an offshore banking facility.

So the Turks and Caicos seem likely to continue their peaceful, uneventful, and unexciting life. The climate, says the guidebook, is more or less "perpetual summer" and, though they are halfway between Miami and Puerto Rico, the last recorded hurricane was in 1940. There was some hope that the supply of insurance from the islands on Grand Caicos (reports of this material were worth \$45,000 in the decade 1960) was rising up nicely again. Still, too, too has proved to be untrue. The last hurricane that there will be a starting increase in the bat population, it is the genuine needs of modern agriculture as to be met.

As a definite reply, Begun pointed out on the very crowded division between the Turks and Yasser Arafat's presence day before he landed from Jerusalem.

The power of his song was that the Turks and

and would supply the four top posts—prime minister, foreign minister, and finance—in any situation. But while Begun was in hospital he announced himself to tell him, "I never saw a secretary on what I am about to tell you. I have created Dayan to serve as foreign minister." The significance of this remark, some, of course, was that Dayan was still a member of the defunct Labor Party, though he agreed to cross the floor on receiving Begun's offer.

The Dayan appointment also revealed another facet of Begun's character: his surprising lack of political know-how. Begun totally underestimated the reaction the offer provoked in the country, where Dayan is perceived these days less as the hero of the 1955 and 1967 wars than as the defense minister who allowed Israel to be caught off guard by the Arab invasion of Yom Kippur 1973. In almost no time Begun's chance of a broad, stable coalition incorporating Foreign Tzvi Yadin's Democratic Movement for Change, which became the third largest parliamentary party in the last election in the recent poll.

The Likud leader again demonstrated his lack of experience in his casual statements immediately after the election, in saying that the West Bank of the Jordan and the Gaza Strip were not occupied but "liberated" territories, an unambiguous part of the ancient land of Israel, and promoting a new stage of Jewish settlement there. Such views confirmed his reputation as an ultra-nationalist, gave pause to men of the center who were wary of opening his coalition, and provoked the Americans and the Arabs into hard-line counter-proposals of their own.

At 63, Begun is serving a whole new purpose. He is a thinker with a well-learned, long life, a capacity of learning, and might have been thought to have wasted too long for office to acquire it. But the unanswered question is whether he can turn his romantic about Wagner, a drink and make the kind of gritty compromise that an advanced is a coalition government and control for a prime minister of Fortunate Israel, heavily dependent on Washington's goodwill. The signs so far are not particularly encouraging.

Life in the underground has a way of making one think about what is going on in the big world up above. Begun is shocked by the Western press's accusation of him as "the number one terrorist" whose fingers blew up the King David Hotel in 1946, killing about 90 British. Arab and Arab, who begged him to British soldiers and left their body-stomped bodies in an orchard, and who shocked the Arab village of Deir Yassin in 1948, killing more than 200 men, women and children. Begun pointed out on the very crowded division between the Turks and Yasser Arafat's presence day before he landed from Jerusalem. The power of his song was that the Turks and



Begun: It's not like the good old days

lacked only military talent and sharp gut sufficient to enable others to get control. But at Dayan's Yigal's leadership track became stuck in a ditch, and Arab terrorism was in writings was possible, and there was no much doubt that it was a legitimate military target, after the attack, the then head of the Israeli government, David Ben-Gurion, apologized to Jordan's King Abdullah.

It is arguable, however, that Begun is actually many other people's inside have become national political figures and Begun's leadership has followed it is the complete parliamentarian, a strong eloquent and deeply erudite. In a nation where men always and open needs are the order of the day, he needs to be gay and when short and mediocre to read his clearly foolish statements, he gets better by knowing the hand. But he is hospitable and accessible to his colleagues and to reporters.

He and he will probably live down his misdeeds, as a national hero, but what matters most is whether he can adjust to the political climate of the later 1970s. He and his supporters all base their hopes of productive relations with the United States on a community of interests. Begun, as a young man, spent a year in Soviet labor camps and in a cold war of the old school. When he goes to Washington, he wants to tell Jimmy Carter that Israel is the only real democracy in the Middle East, a reliable ally and a bulwark against Communist encroachment. It would have gone down well with Ronald Reagan, Sadat and Assad, all ambassadors and personalities no longer that young.

home. And, so the story goes, his first action was to pick up the phone to check with Begun's campaign manager, Ezer Weizman, but he would not be offered the foreign ministry of sales of another heart attack proved serious and Begun died.

As it turned out, the reports were wrong. Within a week, Begun had been sent home

and was back at work building a cabinet. But Begun's call was both prudent and poignant. After spending all but one of the past 29 years on the opposition benches of the Knesset (Israel's parliament), the former Iron Guard leader chose to remain a man of the underground, a master conspirator who works on a "need-to-

Business

Are the Maritimes finally getting wise to Corporate Welfare Burns?

Back in 1988, in the first heady days of a new era when the Atlantic region's Factors of Confederation, Charles Tupper and Leonard Tilley, thought their nation's provinces would become "the great engine for manufacturers in British America." If they could only see what has come to pass. At University of New Brunswick economist W. Y. Smith commented recently: "They might have been great statisticians, but they were no hell as economic forecasters." Indeed, provincial attempts to attract industry to the Atlantic region in recent years have backfired very expensively, with the governments in all four provinces grilling their fingers heatedly by statisticians on budgets. The problem isn't limited to the Atlantic provinces: the Churchill Falls Industries debacle in Manitoba and Saskatchewan's troubles with Prince Albert Pulp are prime examples. But governments should take failures in the Atlantic region have come more deeply into already strained economies. Clarence Beckett and now the Minister Gue must show they are only the most publicized failures. In Nova Scotia alone, at least 14 government-owned industries have disappeared in the past two years at a loss to the province of nearly \$50 million. Nova Scotia Premier Edward I. Duff and Newfoundland have their own sad experience as well.

But now there's considerable evidence that the various provincial administrations aren't going to be successfully lured into business deals in the future, that they're finally concluding that there has to be a better, more coordinated solution. In fact, the government has decided to guarantee a three-cent-per-dollar loan to a company with a proven record of success. C. M. McLellan Ltd., which wants to expand its frozen French fish operation to provide chips to the McDonald's hamburger chain. Expenditures would mean up to 115,000 jobs and about 7,000 more acres of potatoes this year, but Premier Alex Campbell thinks McLellan should raise the money privately. Refusing to be the "silly history of industrial development in this province," Campbell says it's costly to deny that the loan refusal is based on the experience with Gascoigne Shipyard, the province's best-known loser, a pitifully unsuccessful shipyard and fish plant complex which has absorbed more than \$9.3 million from the public purse since its inception in 1968. Says Campbell, explaining the revenue to a house of government economists: "We're telling private enterprise that the government, with public funds, will not go all the way. If some-



thing happens, the industrialist could be free to walk out and leave the mess behind for the government to clean up."

It is also clear in New Brunswick that Premier Richard Hatfield's government will rethink its string of failures, in pulling in its belt. The program now is on smaller, homegrown industries. The days of big project often directed by someone from outside the province—and the \$23 million Beckett snag is the classic

example—appear to be numbered. Says Commerce and Development Minister Gerald Mervin: "The record is clear. Our small businesses have been remarkably successful. We've had a very low failure rate on those."

Almost two years ago, a government-appointed task force on social development criticized New Brunswick agencies and officials for focusing a "spirit of artificial optimism" about the province's economic fu-

ture by suggesting with such new industrial projects or programs that the doors of the province were at hand. The idea of heavy government involvement in job creating industries has been considered virtually sacrosanct in the Maritime provinces, but the 1971 task force came to a conclusion that only new firms to be getting widespread attention, namely, that the province's economic underdevelopment was "rooted in

stagnation, costly industrial projects began by former premier Joey Smallwood are lingering under the guise of a growing provincial debt. The Stephenville mill lost \$21 million in 1974-75, \$34 million the next year, and \$40 million so far this year, with the latest capital debt now around \$300 million and rising. The whole project was born in near desperation after the Ameri-

can had been bought for just over one million dollars instead of \$3.56 million, and he has been asked questions about why such an inflated price could be paid.

With Minister Gue's abject Clarence II by his side—evoking memories of the \$32 million in public funds that went under with the mine and its occupancy in the 1960s—Premier Beckett said recently that he'll be happy if it "just sailed away." Like the sick passenger of the past—Malcolm Beckett, Clarence's Prime Minister—Nagat was long on ideas but short on cash. And as with projects in the past, the government found itself occasionally unmoored in Minister after its original commitment.

But because of their economic circumstances, the Atlantic provinces have snipped at almost anything that has been dropped in front of them. They can be blamed for most of the mistakes they've made. Now have other Canadians made a big center for the Atlantic region to break out of its economic dead? Federal efforts to help the region, says the economist W. Y. Smith, have traditionally been uncoordinated and essentially welfare oriented. And Canadian industries have tended to look on Atlantic Canada as some kind of large, early, best-laid plan and supplied from afar.

The \$70 billion that Ottawa has poured into the region in the past 10 years in regulatory grants, on-the-job training and education programs, shelter expenditures and transportation subsidies has helped. But it also perpetuates a colonial industrial structure, by attracting land-lush companies to the backward regions while the better funded and technologically superior companies which don't need the marginal financial zones (even accounting from setting in the east) stay close to their markets and before the central manufacturing base. Besides, there's more money in sending jobs to Ottawa. Prime Minister Trudeau has spoken about his commitment to regional development, but if he had used the Atlantic, fishery by cutting the record the plundering of offshore fish, foreign fish firms five years earlier, his efforts would now be more approving.

With no exact last shipping links to all parts of the world, the Atlantic region could be considered a natural base to expand Canadian exports. Instead Ottawa perpetuates "locking away" jobs—to remove the 380,000 deficit of the St. Lawrence Seaway, something which is bound to have an adverse effect on Atlantic port activity. As long as the Maritime provinces have substantially weaker economies than the rest of the country, they will be kept by, only visitors. It's a vicious circle. Unless they take risks, they're no way out of their present situation. And if they do take risks, they're likely to get burned again.

CLARENCE WATSON WITH CONTRIBUTORIAL REPORTS



Hatfield loading Beckett's beer (opposite page), the Minister Gue and, on the right, the public last



economic factor that are largely beyond our control, and any amount of further public investment in new industrial plants will probably not significantly alter this fact.

Government involvement in industry is being questioned in Newfoundland too, since the April 23 announcement that the Labrador Ironbanded mill at Stephenville operated since 1972 by a Crown corporation, will be closed within a few months

can finally moved out of nearby Hantsfield in 1966, leaving the majority of the area intact. In recent years, three new schools and a shopping centre have been built for Stephenville's 12,000 residents, and senior services have been expanded, and hundreds of workers have settled more comfortably. Modern homes, many mortgaged to the hilt. But the four decades for their future has collapsed.

And now in Nova Scotia, the federal-provincial venture capital company, Met Capital, Area Councils, Investments, Ltd. (MCAI) has scuttled the Minister Gue project. MCAI put up \$5.4 million from the Nova Scotia, the chief, sawmill turned entrepreneur, needed to buy the 11-year-old Canadian built, Mermaid, and another \$200,000 to rent and purchase it for Caribou Island. But the 231 passengers they had to cancel two of its first four voyages because of lack of business and has carried a total of about 100 fare-paying guests. With revenue of \$250,000 in only six weeks of operation, MCAI expects to send the ship back \$300,000 in working capital and, last but not least, was turned down MCAI's first mortgage by the vessel and charter.

David MacIsaac feels certain the ship could be rented for more than its purchase price. But Minister Fernald, the Conservative, up-representing Dartmouth, Halifax, says that MCAI's optimism. He doesn't think the Minister

(Thomas Editor Peter Revell is an economist)

People



Struthers: girl with the golden glove

As the score 30-19 would indicate the annual Las Vegas celebrity-poor softball game for charity (the Nevada Special Olympics for retarded children this year) was not exactly a closer. Still, more than 5,000 watched the celebs, led by John Depp, Alton Cooper and Hefner Randy, top the scoreboard. But the stars of the game, at least according to Bill Gudehus, the sports and executive sports editor of the *Las Vegas Sun*, were *All in the Family's* **Betty Struthers** and *48 Hrs.* **Roselle Wiseman**. "I bet you saw them heading and going under the Sun. They were diving for a couple," he raved. **Heard**.

Boy did **Sam Hoffman** show them! Way back in March the young Texas state representative went on a hunger strike against his own legislature, saying that food would not pass his lips until the more than 100 bills he was proposing were at least considered in committee. Sixty-eight days later, Hoffman partook of a hot of apple from a platter of roast pig, ending the fast. The legislature had approved only four of his bills, and 18 others had failed even to get to committee, but in Hoffman's slightly hollowed eyes "it was worth the effort."

In show business it rarely hurts to be the child of famous parents and carry their name (ask Jane Fonda, Keith Carradine, Liza Minnelli or, in the very cynical night, deconstructing in talking-room. Not such a situation can be tested at **Jeanne Tripplehorn**, star of the current and successful Broadway musical *I Love My Wife*. She's the daughter of **Mandy Patinkin**, the kid from *Wings* whose long-running *Late Show* *A Deal* made him king of the television game shows. In fact Patinkin's nose is slightly, though not seriously, out of joint that his daughter is using her married name to make it in showbiz. The last she could have done for the Old Man, he says, would have been to "call herself Jeanne Hall Tripplehorn."

She's not especially pretty (she looks a better word) or young (40-plus) or much honored in her own land (Canada). But **Marquesa Mercurio** is in the opinion of the judges at the Cannes Film Festival, the best actress of the year (along with co-winner Kristin Duvall) of *Three Women*. Mercurio won for her role of the housewife, Rosa Almeida, in the Quebec film *A Mar*. A photograph, a love story is the old-fashioned sense of the term. "It's a trailer house role," she explained "without the violence—both sexual and physical—of



Mercurio: in praise of older women

we've given accustomed to in movies." Lives the love "with her own husband a reward of their relationship. "I'm over 40," she said, "and I feel this is an award for my work and not my body."



Olson and Glavin, Skerits and Wink, and (farthest right) Walt Whitman's door

Of all the newspaper comic strips only one, *Goshen Alley*, has allowed its characters to grow old with its readers. In fact people over 60 with good memories will remember the *Walt Whitman's* Day in 1921 when Skerits was left as a founding on Walt Whitman's doorstep and Walt's marriage to Phyllis. A young girl's picture will

recall Skerits's wartime marriage to Nina and the birth of Glavin in 1949. And now **Glavin** is 78, who was 28 on May 13, is herself married. The lucky man is **Sim Skerits**, a sex-100-year-old employee of her father's garage. The couple took place on May 31, in a civil ceremony and the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, which has carried the couple's story, saw it (right) to tell the event on its page one contents column.

Character, quality, Royal Reserve.

A PROUD CANADIAN

Royal Reserve is proof that a great rye need not be expensive. Light, mixable character and fine quality at a truly modest price.



Corby. Good taste is Canada since 1859.

Lifestyles

Voyage of the darned

Everyone dreams of adventure—shipwrecks, treacherous journeys, desert islands. But for most North Americans, sunbuck adventures beckon from afar. Five go in search of it, fewer still find it. Adventure was not what Diane Taylor and Gary Hodgkins were looking for nine years ago when they said to hell with Canadian society and started building a boat. They wanted the coral lifestyle of Caribbean sailing prizes, so they spent six years and \$10,000 painstakingly handbuilding a 46-foot trimaran, in a barn in Whitchurch, Ontario. They followed three blissful years of Caribbean cruising, until they, and four unsuspecting Caribbean natives who shared expenses for a two-month onshore life, got caught up in an adventure—complete with shipwreck, treacherous journey and desert island.

They introduced themselves at the dockmaster's station. Richards, Gary Hodgkins, 37, a former commercial artist, and Diane Taylor, 35, a former high-school teacher and owner of Isla Rick Drive 31, a vintage cutter from Greenwich, Ontario. John Ferguson, 31, a film sound man from Toronto whose job pressures had led him to seek a new environment from a doctor to slow down. Michael Quinn, 39, a student with a hearing impediment that made him reluctant. Bill Watson, 59, a used merchant from London, Ont., who left his wife and three children behind to travel for the first time. It was January 5, 1977.

On February 21, on weeks into a pleasant but uneventful cruise, clear weather and a good wind encouraged Gary the captain, to set out for Hoggy Reef, a picturesque assembly of islands and coral about 80 miles from Cuba. Unbeknownst to him, currents swept the boat off course by five miles, by the end of a peaceful day they were headed directly for a crescent-shaped coral reef.

It happened instantly. At 1:39 p.m., a grinding, sucking sound, as 30 tons of coral slammed against the coral John, thrown out of bed to the floor of the aft cabin, saw a coral head sliding through the main hull with water bubbling around it.

"Bill [who had been at the helm] was in a daze," says Gary. "The other guys came out of their cabins, flying past me. I took the helm and tried to move the boat forward or backward. It didn't work. We chased the sails, simply only that the ocean would keep taking the boat up, moving on further into the reef. Backing away helped. The hull? Water was pouring in and stopping it by the engine room. There was no emergency need to salvage as much food as



The desert island, the ill-fated 'Isle', and castaways Watson, Quinn, Barry, Taylor, and Hodgkins in a photo by Ferguson: Canada's 'Family' Robinsons

possible against the huge task, where staples were scarce, but was concerned by coral and swirling water. She groped for the ship's survival kit and salvaged some beer and booze and plastic jerry cans of fresh water before the hull smashed in pieces. The galley cupboard was full of condiments and fresh fruit. She grabbed everything she could.

Meanwhile, the reef inflated the Zodiac dinghy and blocked off suction of the boat that were taking in water. The only cabin member of the crew was Ferguson, the seven-year-old boy. A waterman, who carried up to the shipwreck. When he became aware they would have to abandon ship the crew dragged mattresses onto the deck

Mike and John bailed and Bill kept bearings with his compass. The currents were so strong they had to row away from the island in order to reach it. It took them four tiring hours.

Why didn't the captain radio for help? The Isle had no transmitting radio because Diane and Gary eschewed such modern conveniences. But through archaic communication methods, probably earned the shipwreck, the same had to nature attack helped the group cope with being marooned. Their immediate concerns were shelter from the glaring sun and 90-degree heat and fresh water. Gary supervised the building of a primitive shelter from an orange downer tarp. The 34 gallons of water retrieved from blowholes had carefully rationed, for three months. Diane was in charge of food rationing and though no one suffered, by agreement's end everyone had lost at least 15 pounds. Gary, an experienced diver, planted a goose, crutch or lobster to the cooling pot (man days). (He also ate the eggs from the fish he caught; they contain vitamin C.) And everyone tried to eat every looking back. John says his major complaint was the scarcity of women. "The Bahamas guy coach is a great aphrodisiac. I never got a chance to find out," Diane says the men spent her as most of denier, and young Michael a pocket of the television generation, kept thinking of Gidget's Island. Though everyone laughed at them, Diane and Mi-

chael sent a distress signal in a bottle—which was picked up a month later, 150 miles away.

Gary reluctantly refused to leave his ship in a desolate. When the station of Isla broke off the coral and drifted toward the ocean he tried to the dinghy, rowed successfully, intercepted by a vessel and anchored her in the sand two miles from shore. For the next few days he made several trips to the boat, removing tools, sails and other items needed on land. Then one night, about a week after they'd reached the island it broke loose from its anchor and vanished. "Well, at least I don't have to look at it any more," said the captain and they got on with the problems of survival and rescue. A fire was kept burning the orange downer tarp was torn from the scorching light weather for boats became more visible. Rick was suffering from dysentery and Michael had developed carbonated by a Havanian girl on his knee. The pain grew more intense each day until he was reduced to tears. "The others didn't know, but I was really worried following him. When the pain took so he got blood poisoning was feared and a medical salvage was shipped from a dental shop. The 'operation' was performed under sedation, three shots of pain and two General Anesthetics. Dream! Though the crew needed in the absence. They joked about health failures. "We were going to eat Bill first. He was

older." They snapped pictures. They happily spent their days using to each other in a food and shelter. On the evening of March 2, however, they were sitting around the camp for looking distressed. A large ship had passed earlier in the day and even from six flashes with squalling cameras had brought no response. Then Rick turned and looked into the sunlight. "There's a boat! There's a goddamned boat!" They were so excited, raising, shouting, waving their arms, that the crew of the 32-foot Trojan motorboat thought they might be pirates (on an unusual occasion in the Caribbean). Gary kept near the water and waves in the Trojan. "What do you want?" was the guarded question. "We were shipwrecked and have been stuck on this island for 12 days," came the answer. "Is that for real?"

At that point, the daybook adventure was ended. It took several days and a helicopter, but eventually the crew disembarked and headed for home and family and jobs. All except Diane and Gary, who spent a month chasing the Caribbean sea by plane and boat for their beloved island before admitting they'll never see her again. They returned to Canada last month, penniless and bitter about having to start from scratch again. "I did a lot of a number of years of my life," says Gary. "It's very hard to be a landlubber again," says Diane. "It was a dream we lived our dream, our dream died." **HEIDI MARKER**

If you really want the mildest...



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked - avoid inhaling.

Advertising

The French have a word for it

Profoundly Quebecois drink more alcoholic beverages and buy more expensive cars than other Canadians, all of which gives a clue to advertisers trying to crack the Quebec market. Quebec is not like the rest of Canada. A simple enough fact, but it has taken English-speaking advertisers a long time to probe from it. One man who has probed is Jacques Boeschart, head of Montreal's M.P. Advertising Ltd. In the 14 years since he formed his to provide francophone advertising for the French-Canadian market, it has become the largest and best-known francophone ad agency in Montreal and one of the top 10 in Canada. Boeschart's sales pitch (bolstered by such big clients as Air Canada, Bell Canada and the Bank of Nova Scotia) has been called the "can he'd approach," an acronym in spite between his firm, which prepares a French campaign, and another firm, which handles the English market. John Boeschart: "I remember say I was



Boeschart: nothing lost in the translation

the first separation—I started separating advertising agencies."

Today, francophone advertising agencies number in the dozens. And though the new industry certainly hasn't been hurt by the political climate in Quebec, Boeschart says it did not develop from a desire to promote French but from a marketing reality: French translations of English ad slogans not only don't make much sense most of the time, they don't sell. Why? Because Quebec is a different place, with different values, habits, interests and tastes. The advertiser who recognizes this and breeds its ads is more successful than one who doesn't.

"The marketing principles are the same, but the markets are very different," explains Madeleine Saint-Jacques, French creative director of Young and Rubicam (one of the growing number of English firms with a separate department for French ad campaigns). Even the eating patterns, and therefore the food-buying patterns, differ. For example, Quebecois have a sweeter tooth than other Canadians.

"Go into a food store in a French neighborhood and you will see aisle after aisle of candies," says Saint-Jacques. And taste in beer differs sharply in Quebec, beer drinkers buy 95% ale and 5% lager, while in Ontario it's 55% ale and 45% lager. Whatever French Canadians buy, though, advertisers have found that they have a stronger tendency than English Canadians to select the top of the line model and leave

the modestly priced one to gather dust. For instance, working-class Chevrolet has traditionally had the largest market of Cadillacs per capita in the country.

Despite these well-known differences, English businessmen have assumed for years that all they needed to do was hire someone to translate an English ad campaign into French. And now, in Quebec, Canada in the early 1980s, "They bring us a text and expect that two hours later everything will be finished, typed and mailed." So Quebec business is Boeschart's. "The government of failed ad campaigns," summarizes with hilarious results, car wash was once translated as *dévoiler* (show your breasts) instead of *lavage de car* and hairbrush by *embourbe-croûte* (wash out of hair) instead of *brosse à cheveux*.

The first major corporation to head its advertising to the French last was, ironically, the federal defense department—in a recruiting campaign for the Korean War in 1951. Ads using men both such as explorers and cowboys de la guerre designed to appeal not to a desire to fight for King and country but to the French Canadian's pride of heritage. And they worked. In just 11 months the proportion of French Canadians in the forces rose from 15% to 23%.

Gradually, with a lot of prodding from advertising agencies such as Boeschart, other businesses have caught on. Since its heyday in 1977, when 30 Ale was first promoted by a lumberjack character named

Monsieur Carrière, Labatt's Brewery has exploited Quebec personalities and symbols with great success. The most recent ad proclaims *On est si différents, qu'on se parle* (We are so different, we've got to talk to each other), which has become as much a part of the language as the sale of a recent Montreal *Play* season. On *24h Drole, Fort St. Pierre*. In the last few years, the Bank of Nova Scotia has cultivated a francophone image by being Jean Beliveau's in its spokesman and calling itself by the French abbreviation, *la BNC*. It has been rewarded with a substantial increase in customers.

To date, though, progress has been limited. Only one in three of the ads in French television is not a straight translation or adaptation from the English, but Boeschart is confident the ratio will increase to 30-50% in the next five years. He has recently put together a book on 160 of his Quebec ad campaigns called *La Publi-Québécoise* and has written another to be released in conjunction with his own six-part television series about advertising and the Quebecois. Not only admen but playwrighters are making the most of the belief that French Canadians not only respond to different ads, they are more fascinated by them. There must be something to it. A Montreal concern recently played a two-hour collection of prize ads from the commercialism festival in Canada—a period house.

GRAHAM FRASER

...Check the numbers.



Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked — need inhaling.

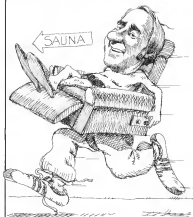
There's nothing milder than Medallion.



Average per cigarette: Tar: 5mg; Tar: 0.1mg nicotine.

You know the 60-year-old Swede who's fitter than a 30-year-old Canadian? To hell with him

Sports column by John Robertson



I don't know how you spend your work-week, but I usually find me on the sofa with a good book or two, and catch up on my evening. As you might have guessed, I have exercise I refuse to do: push-ups alone, on general principle. The closest I've ever come to lifting weights is opening my eyes every morning. I have this ritual: I go through when I get up. I wash my face. Then I lie on it. Then I do a little Preparation on the legs under my eyes. People who exercise regularly look like the picture of health. I look like the picture of Buster Grey.

Maybe I'm in the wrong peak. Maybe I should have stuck to selling button boots to little old ladies whose toes point in confusing directions or selling life insurance to office boys with postage-stamp tongues or selling Beldar to us, down (don't) there, that door. Lady Goo is watching AT that snail's taking names. Sitting at a desk all day, writing and writing and writing, has

rendered my body into such a deplorable state that the only item that still fits me from my old sports wardrobe is my Helen Schmidt pullover.

As much as I hate to admit it, I need some exercise desperately. I need to romp again through rhyta glades in my gold leard sweat suit, dodging the madhouse crunch of last summer's leaves under my tee-82 sneakers, chugging along past the chocolate and having my ears caressed by the warble of the blue-eyed phoenix and the meow-moosled snarl. Instantly I look down and can scarcely see my avarice disappearing because I am floating. Then the cramps start, and then I step on my tongue.

Now, jogging's for young dudes like Jack Burton. I hear he's even started chasing cats. But how about cycling? Ah, now there's a sport. The last time I took on a bike was over the handlebars at age 12. My nose went up two o'clocks and stayed there. But cycling means like such a socially

obnoxious sport. I mean, would you date a girl who isn't ridden 30 miles on a bike? Remember Torchy Piche? No, not the assassin. The famous sleazy bike rider. After his last on-day race, Torchy was lying on his back in hospital months later—with his legs still pumping furiously. Whenever there was a power failure, they'd just hook him up to the emergency generator and shout, "Okay Torchy, beg for it!" One of the advantages of being a six-day bike rider is that it gets you out of the house for almost a week at a time. The hours are free, and at least it's steady work.

Come to think of it, maybe a more passive game like golf would suit me better. I have been described on the golf course as the best of the open-chest players. Watching me play golf is like watching a guy swallow a truckload of sand when I swing a club my body moves so many different directions that it's like watching an octopus trying to make love to a set of bagpipes.

On second thought, maybe I'll just settle for a sauna bath. It worked wonders for Maria Pichova of Santa Ana, California. In fact, she sent a California health spa for a couple dollars after she was locked in a sauna for 30 minutes. No, she wasn't so worried that her husband thought she was an accident, and thus saved her by the sun and was painted her head on and cut and the may four weeks of slow Spanish. On the contrary, the doctor who examined her when she emerged from the sauna said he found her hysterical, incoherent and throwing around in other words. She was behaving just like the average housewife. But there was, there, much more, over once emerging from the sauna, she has been terminated—if you could call it that—by an irremovable strip to make love.

And in using the health spa, she said that the 30 minutes locked in the sauna had convinced her from a normal housewife and another of seven into a normal woman, picking up duties especially etc. Meanwhile, the health spa has been inundated with calls from indignant husbands of other female sauna-damned, to know why their wives weren't given equal time in the sauna.

Actually, at the risk of running my energy, I must confess that I've been exercising rigorously for more than a week now. After two or three days, I was cramping up all four limbs of stress in my chest. Yesterday, I felt so good I climbed up the outside of the building. "How do I look now?" I panted. "Like Tarzan" and my secretary, "after he used a vice."

Science

Cleaning up their act

Right now, the only thing bubbling out of a pulp mill in northern Ontario is clean, waste water—minus pollutants from one of the world's worst polluters—and paper industry officials all over the world are watching. Most of them think it's not possible for a pulp mill to discharge no dirty water. It had never been done until University of Toronto professor Howard Rapson invented the closed cycle system. That means water used to make pulp in a mill is recycled and never leaves the mill, so it can't contaminate. And since nearly half of the 20 million tons of pulp produced annually in Canada comes from pulp mills, the system could start a new era in pulp pollution control.

Rapson's invention is being tested by Great Lakes Paper Company in a new mill built in Thunder Bay last year. The people involved already consider the eight-million-dollar experiment a success, and by next fall there should be ample proof that the closed cycle system is as effective as its designers believed. After spending 12 years developing the method, Rapson, 46, says it requires less than conventional cleaning methods and saves energy and water 70% of the water used in industry, excluding hydro, goes to pulp and paper. Unlike other pollution control methods which eliminate 80% of the effluent at best, the Rapson process is not added to effluent, it is built in.

Erico Einarsson Ltd. the consulting company marketing Rapson's system says

it costs \$16 per ton less to operate than other, less effective methods. (The annual savings at Great Lakes' 280,000 tons a year mill would be four million dollars.) Einarsson's Canada contribution \$1,155,000 to Great Lakes' initial expenses on the condition that the company release results of the mill's operating efficiency by fall. There, if the system proves the case, government regulatory agencies will be after permission to use it, following best traditions of industry, as opposed to the strict American legislation.

The biggest obstacle Rapson encountered in developing the process he says was convincing the industry it could be done. Now Ron Reid, general manager of Great Lakes' pulp and paper division, says several other paper companies are planning to build a closed mill when the Great Lakes plant is complete. Says Rapson, "If you're going to invest \$200 million to \$300 million in a mill, you want to be pretty certain of the technology...and it was a pretty radical concept." With Einarsson's help, he has given 96 seminars to industry representatives all over the world to sell his idea.

How will the United States react to the closed cycle system? Leaders of the U.S. paper industry are lobbying against a recent federal regulation for "zero discharge" from pulp mills by 1985. Claiming that one fifth of their capital expenses are already eaten up meeting Environmental Protection Agency requirements, they say the legislation is unrealistic. However, if their lobbying is unsuccessful, Americans will be using the best available technology by 1985. "Well," chuckles Rapson, "ours is available now."

THOMAS LEVIN

Rapson building his new pulp and paper mill, why just waste when you can eliminate?



Parker
Addis Elegance

The lasting value of a Parker sets a spirit, right to be appreciated by a lifetime. See contemporary Parker Classic Ballpoint gold-plated, steel-plated, brushed stainless steel. Magnificent craftsmanship, precision mechanical engineering. Performance: All Parker fountain ball pens write better, write longer than the ordinary ballpoint.

PARKER
World's most wanted pens

Nikkormat

Pure camera, moderately priced

The new Nikkormat FT3 is a fast-handling, uncomplicated, yet highly versatile precision camera which delivers image quality second to none. Back by Nikon, it offers all the capabilities most photographers will ever need. And, because it is part of the renowned Nikon system, the FT3 also can be set easily step-by-step towards high performance photography in its most advanced format.

Balance

It's the essence of the Nikkormat FT3. A physical balance which makes it wonderfully comfortable and natural to hold and operate. A balance in size, without the expense

of ultra-miniaturization. A viewfinder that provides superb image clarity without sacrificing focusing accuracy for perfect visual balance. The result is a camera which is uniquely smooth and easy to use.

New Instant-Interchange Ai-Nikkor lenses

All Ai Nikkor lenses, from 50mm through 600mm, can be switched in and out more quickly than ever before. A quarter-turn, and the Ai-Nikkor is securely in place. The meter programmed for exposure control at full aperture. Non Ai Auto-Nikkors can be used with stop-down metering in most cases. Available at low cost for Ai operation if interested.

were for Leica N-27. Non meter coupled lenses, through 2000mm, mark the stop-down metering made just as before.

Nikkor lenses have always been some of the very best means for viewing a Nikkormat. Now there are more than 55 of them, incorporating the greatest range, the most optical innovations, the finest quality—both optical and mechanical—in Nikon photographs. The FT3 also accepts many other accessories from the famed Nikon system, including changing viewfinder, filters, lens hoods, flash units and more.

Supremely accurate center-weighted metering

Of the many through the lens metering systems available, none have been able to match Nikon's center weighting for all-around consistent accuracy, in almost any lighting imaginable. Simply center the target—either in the finder (which also shows the shutter speed), or on top of the camera—and your exposure will be correct. You can adjust either the lens aperture or the uniquely handy shutter speed selector located right behind the aperture ring. Focusing is equally fast and easy with the square-etched Nikon "K" prism which provides split-image, microprism and overall ground glass focusing aids.

Every essential control built in

Yes, the FT3 is wonderfully priced, but without sacrificing quality. Now it finds just what you don't expect in such an affordable camera: speeds to 1/1000th, single sync at 1/25th, built-in hot shoe, (remote sync socket, mirror lock, depth-of-field preview, self-timer, even special provisions to keep the film transparently flat. It all adds up to a sensationally good buy!

Visit your Nikon Dealer and see the complete line of Nikon cameras, Nikkor lenses and accessories. For the latest and greatest of the famous Nikon School of Photography visit

Anglo-Kino Ltd., Montreal, Quebec H2T 1B8

Fashion

Maggy Reeves, you're one of a kind



Lately, in a world where even the rich don't demand exclusivity, top international designers such as St. Laurent, Cardin and Givenchy have abandoned one-of-a-kind designing in favor of mass producing "important" aspects of everything from evening gowns and bathing suits to T-shirts and bath towels. But not Toronto's Maggy Reeves—one of the few remaining old-fashioned designers. She has recently returned to her Cumberland Street boutique workshop, after a celebrity showing in Los Angeles of 40 designs from her fall collection. In hand are orders for original designs from Lorena Young, Tommy Hilgerson (wife of actor James Garfield), Roseanne Stack (wife of actor Robert Stack), and other Hollywood personalities. She has even been missed by *Vogue* magazine. "I couldn't have been more impressed," mused editor Eleanor Phillips.

The occasion was a prestigious charity (Silver Jubilee) event in St. Anne's Maternity Home, an annual event in which celebrities such as Jenny Agutter and Joanne De Medeiros Maggy Reeves organizes for 1,200 other Hollywood notables. Only top international designers have been featured in the past, and when the event was to successful that more than 150 people were treated after Maggy Reeves, and now a little-known Toronto designer, had reason to be overwhelmed.

For almost two decades the 46-year-old Austrian-born designer has quietly created



Gretchen Wagner, the Duke's daughter-in-law and daughter of Maggy Reeves, creates elegant, modern, classic, black, Mrs. Edgar Morgan and the designer herself (top) in Los Angeles. Still right or not at all



Can Ely's help a young man on the way up? Yes!

Very possibly helping a personal arrangement with your tailor can play dividends in the business world. Particularly if you are among the new breed on the way up, anxious to make good first impressions.

Getting together with Ely's can impart the self-assurance that comes with knowing your attire is faultless. Sueded to new and as fast as your tastes! There is no time like the present. Let's get together, on a personal basis.

Featured above the double-breasted dinner promotes distinctive appearance and comfortable wearing. We there simply irresistible look of your prefer. Available in white or tailored to your individual requirements. Price tag, about and accessories from Ely's women's store at Ely's—exquisite the product.



2 STORES IN TORONTO

147 Yonge St.	515	Reg. York
205-1502	Commerce Court	H88
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Television

The Mafia (Canada) Limited



Nobody is turned up wearing a camera around his neck, but the 16,000 taking any action with Commission the two largest of organized crime in Canada (valued \$30 to \$11 per June 12 and 13). For close to three years the nearly \$300,000 project has been shrouded in secrecy with co-producers Bill Macdonald, 38, and Murray Barker, 35, working behind locked doors. Key materials have been screened in safety deposit boxes and of the staff only three current-affairs executives led by Peter Herndon (two-producers planning) have seen all the footage. It's so valuable stuff. The CBC has produced a film about organized crime that names names and shows faces. That's almost unprecedented in Canadian print or television journalism and the network deserves full credit for having the courage to put it on the air.

Commission proves what we merely assumed: organized crime is very big business in Canada, influencing politics, the professions, the corporations and the unions. Here is as much as the Canada's a church plant turning over billions of dollars annually to a big Mafia boss in New York. The Mafia uses Canada as a subsidiary, sending money to Toronto for laundering and spawning mobile crime bands to Montreal for field training. Herndon compares the process to "smuggling a poisonous left-handed hammer to the means for poisoning." Because Canadian media is so explosive, car bombs are worn a last-minute suggestion will be

slipped on the show. That's why no full press screenings were allowed and Macdonald has seen only limited footage. But that footage is juicy. For example, Barker and Macdonald have disguised as a church service on Long Island. The New York boss who controls much of Canada's Mafia operations. They have traced the French Connection and proved that all the wide routes in that infamous heroin racket worn through Montreal. And in other footage they have documented a prominent Canadian MP's alleged criminal connections—induced several in rebuttal.

In the critical coordination days before the film, Barker and Macdonald resorted to a conventional mix of cautions and co-operations that they will leave their both permanently caricatured. Part of it was due to concerns about such as force—a concern, revealed by two newspaper breakers near the Commission headquarters and elsewhere underlined by the fact that only a dozen of about 50 people contacted with the production have allowed their names to run on the credits.

But plucky producers Macdonald and Barker shouldered the bulk of the research. They did so much—28,000 separate files and more than 2,000 interviews before the cameras were even loaded—that they created a labyrinthine monster that defied organization. That was the progress in late February when former CBC staffer-turned-independent, Richard Nichols was called in as executive producer. It was

Nichols who stripped the show's magazine format, making the footage—enough to do eight or 10 hours—into 15 clips ranging from 20 minutes on the Hong Kong connection to slightly more than two minutes on corporate links to organized crime.

The film is grainy, sometimes fuzzy, often wobbly. Barker and Macdonald have stuck their quarry like wildbeasts, spending long hours in the back of a truck or hidden behind a wall waiting for their men to show. They have used hidden microphones and camera equipment hidden in Vietnam—and using a night lens that magnifies the available light 50,000 times. Such gadgets are not on display at the local camera store—but they're around Barker says. If you know where to look. Not surprisingly, he won't say where or how.

Despite the toughness of the film clips and the uneven presentation, Commission is mandatory watching. This is not a Hollywood movie or a documentary, about as in some distant and exotic place. This is crime in Canada. What is almost as scary, however, is the technology involved. The very thoroughness of Commission raises a disturbing problem: how to shake the evil activities of one segment of society without shaking the civil liberties of everyone else. The fact that it is in the hands and hidden microphones can be used by a public corporation on hoodlums as well as they can be turned on us. We are living with cameras more candid than Alan Funt could ever devise.

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Poetry

When the well-versed gather



Several times a year, in some locale setting where people and stars might appropriately part, Canadian poets gather together to ensure themselves that poetry is noticed. A certain amount of taxpayer money is spent in homage to the idea that a period setting aids the writing and teaching of verse—with the result that a number of our writers and cultural luminaries are stuck down in their creative frames by poverty. This May, 20 poets from across Canada and 70 paying devotees (\$70-\$110 for the three-day workshop) went to Collingwood, Ontario, for the second annual Great Canadian Poetry Weekend held in the long shadows of the skyscrapers of Blue Mountain.

On arrival the poets looked weakly at the sunlight glamed weakly at the blue-splashed water and made quick deals with one another. "If you position not to come today reading," bargained Vanessa postuma Susan Manguerra with Toronto poet George Breen, "I'll promise not to come to yours." Slashes of blue-versed rhyme and city-pale skin veiled as bolder poets and critics emerged. Long briefcases, stuffed with Tattered, Brevets and folders of works-in-progress.

Opening night had the arguments in a state after a riot by some poets to the Collingwood liquor store turned that evening readings into a scene between Brevets and Manguerra. The next day led to a number of artistic tension erupted. Senior poet George P. K. Page and Miriam Waddington squatted off after Page presented an artistic audience with her version of a Waddington poem. When Waddington complained, Page put her trust in prose

Waddington and Rosenblatt (left), Manguerra and Breen (right) were trapped through the workshop (above), and Breen and George Johnston (right) were in red, white or blue (below) workshop work, and others, like this one here, don't

"You took your head under water, Miriam," Governor General Award winner Joe Rosenblatt spent much of the first two days containing work-attached poets and demanding they put into his vaguely bloodshot left eye which was Rosenblatt's mind, "hanging on." Two of the most profitable poets were even permitted to sleep into work for resolution. On the third day Rosenblatt abandoned his eye for a project even dearer to him—talk of a planned benefit for students. According to several poets it was the best idea of the weekend.

Goodwill was abundant everywhere. Resident music Barbara Wonder of the Collingwood Area Arts Council moved secretly through the literary politics behind a horn of plenty from which Canada Council dispatches found poets' laps. Co-organizer Dennis Molloy found poets and participants to "eat, drink and celebrate the creative and positive hope of poets, poetry and art." Young kinsmen from the local high schools arrived, three-foot-high, leaning up the mountain in 90-degree temperatures so that poets could construct poems (of sorts) on the slopes. There was no money to be made in the venture. Last year's weekend cost \$16,000 and after expenses the unpaid organizers lost \$15,341. For all the goodwill and hard work, the casualty of the

weekend was Enzo himself. Poetry readers all too often see the heritage of Horace and Keats into a home-circumstance like performing while poets hold the reader at the nose to get the attention of audiences that were too feeble to say but the most trendy ideas and superficial emotions. In the workshop standards went flying as poets read that but to poets they were "read off" by young subjects and death seriously with such subjects as the merits of The Horatian—a group of young men making "read" poetry which in its best resembles the words of Second City's reviews and is more successful when performed with halfhearted for local whims. As for the discussion on the creation of poetry—they served only as a vehicle that occurred to tonight. Such grand old poets as E.E. Cummings put the act down to "tragic" which if true makes a workshop redundant. Others seemed to agree with Manguerra's poem "Joe Cummings" who avowed that "anyone can make poetry"—a remark that shed considerable light on the problems rampant in her own work.

To see the descendants of Byron, Keats and Rumples these up-verse authors and all is to see the reduction of Pausanias to Blue Mountain. What is lost in Byron (or Joe Rosenblatt) is to be found in the pages of their books and is most often only masked by the body—or table manners—of the poet. The mingled idea that group encounters with poets are good for poetry could only be generalized in a society to which poetry was alien that it is not in independent on the postage of civil service graduates of literary resources programs.

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Books

What do you get when a Class Writer tries pornography? Dull pornography

DELTA OF VENUS: ERODICA
By John
C. (Ottawa, Canada 301 735)

In *pornography* she looks like a genius: a version of Edith Piaf and dark, with large charcoal-negated eyes that seem to burn with privileged knowledge of vice. In this reading, *girl* is a few pages of Anita Nua reveals the kind of homoerotic sensibility



Who of course if Gedge turns you on...

that can ignite and leadly over whether or not to answer a mating telephone. Unlike the character Piaf, Anita Nua, the French born dancer and novelist, suffered enormously, but for her own enjoyment. Her control and agency is a celebration of the desire (in seconds it is a desire) which tract her life in Europe and America among culturally aware people, artists that included Henry Miller and Lawrence Durrell.

Her first book was published in the 1930s but it was the 1960s in which she began to write. She was a cult figure. Political dominance degraded her for her preoccupation with self and her possession of the supple nature of female sensuality but middle-class women recognized her as the Sovereign of their inner lives. When she died last January in Los Angeles she was nearly 74 and still writing. One of her last manuscripts was the introduction to *Delta of Venus*. *Eroica*, a previously unpublished version of *pornography* written during 1981 when she was living in Greenwich Village, New York looked bleak to her then. "People do not give of themselves" wrote Nua. "It is all impersonal and social. I understand it as the cold impersonal. So I understand." But he had to be paid, her typewriter was broken, and Henry Miller had a contract to use a young man old as who would pay one dollar a page for erotica. So Miller, Nua and a few friends began writing for the collector, spending three evenings discussing up hours of sexual configurations to stimulate a reader they never saw, whose only presence was a

voice on the phone demanding, "Less poetry. Be specific. Concentrate on sex."

Nua herself saw *Delta of Venus* as a work that would help illustrate "the mystery of women's sexuality" and, further, demonstrate the dogging efforts of a female writer in a male-dominated world of literary critics. Her book has 15 chapters, each with characters that overlap—both figuratively and literally. The sexual imagination is routine by now, still sex is a distant country, gay sex comes close second and homoeroticism is frequent. Most sexual encounters are close second on one worked bed. Still, the difference between erotica and pornography, one supposes, is that erotica is pornography for the culturally middle class, it has literary overtones. The rest of each literature, whether for lawyers or longhairs, must be in effectiveness in stimulating the glands. Putting judgment on this is clearly a delicate matter of personal taste. All the same, in spite of her direct submission to "be specific," Nua manages to cast some scenes without direct words of poet's seducing to distant readers' hormones at critical moments.

"Do you remember the character in Gedge?" asks an unfortunately literate participant in the middle of conversation. "The one who talked day and night but never moved, said?" That is a good one. I have done—talk. If this can be proved, then I can stop and be free." This speech, accordingly, undoubtedly brings her partner to orgasm. It may not have the same effect on the reader. One can't help feeling that when it comes to glands the manual is "indulgent" but stories may have a more immediate appeal, then this sort of talk. In spite of Nua's loving attention to detail, the elegant and spare prose full of delectable subtext, the story is not perfect. Nua's own bloodlessness and somewhat analytic approach to erotica diminishes the sex. In fact, one literary aim it may be that a book work for a large audience of readers more than the sensibility of an ex-porn writer. **BARBARA AMIEL**

The rest... is history

DELTA OF VENUS: ERODICA
By Paula Gedge
(Ottawa, Canada 301 735)

Pauline Gedge made a pact with herself when she settled into the recovery in Hanoi, Alberta in September 1975 and started work on her first novel. A writer mother when she'd made her first mother, Gedge wrote she'd become an author by 30 or

shortly after trying and not a job. She had to hurry, she was only 28. Now 31, Gedge has outdone herself. Not only did her novel win the New Alberta Novelist Competition, but *Child of the Morning* has been shipped up by Dal Post as the United States for a \$25,000 advance—believed to be the largest contract ever awarded a Canadian first novel.

Child of the Morning is a fictionalized biography of Huxley, the little-known and only female pharaoh. Gedge was inspired by Huxley when she first read her, at 13, and somehow the pharaoh "just popped into my mind" when she started the novel. Gedge reports that Huxley, who ruled around 1900 B.C., considered the job her life was she believed that she was God. Her father made her report when she was 13 that she didn't rule as



her own self but half-brother husband had when she was 27. For the next 21 years Gedge was alone. Huxley was probably possessed by her pharaoh-quest, who wiped out so much of her legacy that it wasn't until recent years that archaeologists learned of her existence. Gedge has twice twice this haunting death in a fast-moving style placed with cheerful enthusiasm. "I have a cat, (Tobacco)" embellished them with enough tragedy. But her recent work, based on her preliminary to all several dramatic book themes.

The New Novelist competition Gedge \$1,000 cash and a \$1,500 publishing contract from co-sponsors Macmillan of Canada which is also awarded a "top quality" and high American side to

Dual. Macmillan's Bells, Bells usually mentioned *Child of the Morning* to Dal editorial director Jane Burgess, who offered to look at it. Fomer was prepared to wait eight weeks for an answer. Dal was back in 30 days saying, "We like it. How much do you want for it?" North American paperback rights aren't settled yet, but a deal for both hardcover and paperback rights in the United Kingdom is nearing completion.

Born in Auckland, New Zealand, Gedge has lived here since 1960. Britain and Canada for most of her life. When her marriage to actor Richard Harris broke up the year ago, Gedge moved her two sons, Simon, now nine, and Roger, six, to Edmonton, Alberta, from Edmonton and applied for welfare. "It was very good for my mind. It kept every time I had to admit I was a welfare. That stops you from thinking too much of yourself."

Gedge filed as the book writing a novel that was her husband's reaction to Alberta's first New Novelist Competition in 1973, but she failed to sell it. Her second entry, aimed at being a commercial success, was "unsuccessful." By her third try she was still writing and living with her parents in Idaho where her mother had taken over the All Saints (Anglican) parish. With the contest deadline looming fast, Gedge completed the novel in an week. Alberta's three-year-old new novelist contest is the first organized effort by a provincial government to promote new writers, although Saskatchewan is planning to follow suit. So far three winners and four runner-up novels have been published but only Gedge has been published outside Canada. Previous winners are working on second novels but theirs, Gedge will probably beat them to the punch. Harris could not make the last finished revision on her next novel to be written by her mother, BEANNE DUNN.

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7. *The Rich Are Different, Howitt* (3)
8. *The Thin Blue, McCullough* (1)
9. *Ghost Face, Houston* (7)
10. *A Book of Common Prayer, Gidder* (1)
11. *Family, Huxley* (7)
12. *By Personal Unknown, Jamar* (1)
13. *Chasing, Gidder* (1)
14. *The Green of '76, Brennan* (2)
15. *The Age of Uncertainty, Dalworth* (1)
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